

SEPTEMBER 2018

AUSTRALIA

PLAYBOY

DERAY MCKESSON

ONE OF TODAY'S
MOST PROMINENT
ACTIVISTS

JOURNALIST GLENN
GREENWALD'S

QUEST FOR THE TRUTH

20 QUESTIONS

SOFIA BOUTELLA
THE ACTRESS
AND DANCER

ADVISOR

WITH SEX
COLUMNIST
ANNA DEL
GAIZO

HERITAGE

QUEEN OF
SCREAMS AND A LITTLE
WRITER'S BLOC

TURNING UP THE HEAT
WITH

Amy
Taylor





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PLAYBILL



DeRay Mckesson

Mckesson's decision to quit his \$110,000-a-year job as a school administrator and join the Ferguson protests made headlines in 2015. He has been a household name ever since. "This world can be better," says the magnetic Black Lives Matter organizer. He talks race, activism and America in *Making the Hard Case for Hope*.



Karen Lynch

The talented collage artist says that "resuscitating and transforming long-forgotten pieces of the past into colorful, surreal, retro-futuristic landscapes" is a central theme of her work. Lynch's faux-idyllic quad scene, complete with darkly gathering storm clouds, accompanies *The Campus Consent Crisis*.



Hernan Diaz

Diaz grew up in Argentina and Sweden, studied in London and now lives in New York, where he is associate director of the Hispanic Institute at Columbia University. He was a finalist for the 2018 Pulitzer Prize, as well as for the PEN/Faulkner Award, for his debut novel. *1,111 Emblems* is Diaz's first short story for *playboy*.



Steve Palopoli

Journalist Palopoli has the distinction of being the first to deem *The Big Lebowski* a cult phenomenon. While reporting *Queens of Scream for Heritage*, he was especially impressed with one *Playmate*'s offscreen cultural impact: "Diane Webber crusaded for the 1960s nudist counterculture and gave key testimony in a landmark obscenity trial."



CONTENTS

- DEAR PLAYBOY** *Open letters from our readers* **10**
- WORLD OF PLAYBOY** *Playboy Club London VIP hostess Emily Cassie has been repping the Rabbit from the age of 12* **12**
- DRINKS** *Walton Goggins toasts the spirit of L.A. with a whiskey of his own making* **14**
- PICTORIAL** *Chloe Fewster, is inspired by everyday life to live life to the fullest and is a firm believer of 'nudity is normal'* **16**
- LIFESTYLE** *Microbrands are resetting the dial on classic-looking watches* **24**
- MOVIES** *No tricks, just treats: John Carpenter, Jamie Lee Curtis and more on Halloween* **26**
- TV** *Mayans M.C. star Richard Cabral swapped his life behind bars for a career in front of the camera* **29**
- PICTORIAL** *Jennifer Roberge, is an aerobics instructor who loves to be on a paddle board and enjoys baking* **34**
- THE CAMPUS CONSENT CRISIS** *College sex has never been so fraught. What's a student to do in the age of #MeToo?* **42**
- CULTURE** *Activist DeRay Mckesson makes the hard case for hope* **48**
- COVER FEATURE** *Amy Taylor, When she is not in front of the camera, she is enjoying the sunny skies flying, keeping fit at her gym in Los Angeles or at the beach playing with her dog* **50**
- 20Q** *Sofia Boutella has kissed Charlize, danced with Madonna and licked Tom Cruise—and she's just getting started* **58**
- PROFILE** *Investigative journalist Glenn Greenwald wants to be clear: He's nobody's operative but his own* **64**
- PICTORIAL** *Ylana Hernandez, a free spirited, carefree Cuban that loves designing clothes, playing dress up and will soon have her own line of clothing* **68**
- FICTION** *A surprise hello turns into a last good-bye in Hernan Diaz's 1,111 Emblems* **76**
- PICTORIAL** *Lizzie Lee, has a great love for travel, the outdoors, and cooking from scratch* **84**
- HERITAGE** *Playmates in horror: Gore has never looked so good. Plus: Hef gives writers the royal treatment* **92**

ON THE COVER *Amy Taylor, photography by Dreamstatelive*

No 9 September 2018



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DEAR PLAYBOY

SHOTS FIRED

How about requiring universal background checks regardless of how or where guns are purchased, setting the minimum age for purchasing a gun at 21 and banning major assault weapons that are needed only by the military? None of these commonsense no-brainers would in any way hurt the National Rifle Association, nor any other supporters of gun rights including the women in Vermont featured in *She Shoots* (July/August). The NRA's claims that current laws (what there are of them) are fine have been tragically proven wrong over and over again. With the way the NRA stubbornly continues to behave, its motto might as well be "Second Amendment at all costs no matter how young."

Who knew that more than 55 years ago Bob Dylan could easily have been referring to Wayne LaPierre when he asked, "How many deaths will it take till he knows that too many people have died?" Contrary to what the NRA and all its Republican cohorts want everyone to think, thoughts and prayers are not bulletproof. I'll say this for the Parkland students: They're trying.

Steve Lederman

TRIPLE CROWN

I've noticed recently that some models, including Kayslee Collins and Roxanna June, have appeared multiple times in the magazine, so thank you for bringing back Lorena Medina and making her a Playmate (*Hi, Priestess*, July/August). When I first saw her in the January/February issue (*Back at the Ranch*), I was shocked she wasn't a Centerfold. Now that she is, it would be awesome to see her climb the ladder of success and make playboy history. A third appearance for Lorena would be the icing on the cake — if you crowned her 2019 Playmate of the Year. She's gorgeous as a pictorial and breathtaking as a Playmate, as PMOY she would be legendary. From "priestess" to goddess in just a year now that's how you make history.

Mike D'Orfeo

REGARDING RALPH

What was the point of Ralph Nader's column *Calling All Super-Voters* (July/August)? Nader had the reputation and the integrity to garner the respect and following of super-

voters; for more than 20 years he could have helped build grassroots statewide organizations for a new political movement instead of shooting for the moon by running for president. I think he has failed not only former Nader supporters but current super-voters and the country.

Peter Kernast Jr

FROM PAGE TO SCREEN

I enjoyed seeing in print the best movie scenes in which playboy makes an appearance (*Our Favorite Cameos*, July/August). Here's one you didn't include: *The Birdcage*. In the movie, before his son's small-minded future in-laws arrive for a last-minute visit, Robin Williams tries to butch up his flamboyantly gay character's home using strategic props. One of them is a copy of the magazine. I think the line is "Who put playboy in the bathroom?"

Jacob Tynes



I'm surprised you didn't include *Born on the Fourth of July* or *Fast Times at Ridgemont High* on your list of movies that started off as stories in playboy (*Playboy Goes to the Movies*, July/August).

John Frankfort

We did indeed publish both of those, but we didn't include them in our *Heritage* feature because, unlike the other pieces we highlighted, they were excerpts and not created originally for the magazine. But we're glad you noticed — both are great stories that made for great movies. Another famous one we left out for space reasons is Ray Bradbury's *Fahrenheit 451*, which we serialized in its entirety back in 1954.

HEAD TO HEAD

I'm puzzled as to why people in Hollywood feel they need to display their hatred of Donald Trump (*Playboy Interview*, July/August). By using gruesome pictures and



DEAR PLAYBOY

profanity to depict him, don't they realize how much damage they're doing to the United States? This hate is definitely dividing our country at a time when we need to work together. There's enough hate in the world today without having to listen to people spout vulgarities about Trump just because they don't want him to be president.

Melvin L. Beadles Sr

Kathy Griffin has to be the ballsiest comic working today. I had the pleasure of catching her act in Toronto back in May, and it was three hours of pure magic on stage at historic Massey Hall. Griffin is a gifted storyteller, and her story is one worth telling. It is exactly what I've come to expect from the *Playboy Interview*.

Josh Fehrens

I'm surprised and disappointed to see that you've given Kathy Griffin eight pages in your July/August issue to express her views. Griffin descended to the lowest levels of civility and public discourse when she was shown proudly holding the severed head of the president of the United States. There's no amount of political spin or publicity that can excuse or put in a positive light this type of behavior.

Bill Davis

The funny thing is that Kathy Griffin has more balls than Trump. She can at least say sorry and mean it.

Katherine Albert

THE BARE TRUTH

Liz Stewart is my favorite Playmate of all time, so I was pleased to see her featured in the Heritage section of the July/August *playboy*. I noticed that in the full-page reproduction of her Centerfold photo, a pair of black lace panties had been photoshopped onto Liz's beautiful body. Seriously? Fake news from *playboy* in the age of Trump? Say it isn't so.

Michael Pastorkovich

Your eyes deceive you, Michael. The image is actually an outtake from Liz's original Playmate photo shoot. For her Centerfold, the photographer shot her both nude and covered. Those panties you see are as real as Liz's radiant personality.



Kathy Griffin's back and older than ever

GIVE US MOORE

The July/August issue is the best so far this year. Your discovery of Megan Moore (*Mane Stay*) is the find of the decade. I hope to see a lot more of her in the coming months. All this and Kayslee Collins too (*Basic Instinct*)? Bravo, *playboy*. Keep up the good work.

Dean Mortis

TO THE LETTER

A Dear *Playboy* contributor (July/August) states that *playboy* "has gotten too liberal." This same person also says, "Name one conservative moral value that you espouse." If this letter writer has truly been reading the magazine for decades, they would know that *playboy* has been very liberal since its inception. The true conservative values it espouses are freedom of speech and freedom of the press. If Kathy Griffin chooses to express herself one way and Chelsea Handler (*Playboy Interview*, November/December 2017) another, let them. Let me also remind the no-name contributor that America was founded on radical ideas.

Brian T. McCabe

HEAD FOR THE ARCHIVES

I recently subscribed after watching the *American Playboy* docudrama on Amazon. I hadn't opened an issue of *playboy* in many years, but I have to say that between the articles, fiction and stunning pictorials, I'm quite pleased I subscribed. I'm unaware how long you've been running the *Heritage* section, but it's immensely interesting and impressive. I think I speak on behalf of many other readers when I say I wouldn't mind seeing more pages dedicated to *Heritage* in the future.

Luman Walters

AWESOME AUSSIE

The lovely Sarah Stephens (*Sun Song*, July/August) is truly a breath of fresh air from down under. Once again, thank you, *playboy*.

Greg Gonzalez

A GOOD LAUGH

I was drinking coffee while reading the *Harlot's Web* comic in your July/August issue. Big mistake. I spit coffee all over myself and nearly drenched the magazine from laughing so hard. Can we get a sequel, please?

Alex Robles

WE MEET AGAIN

Upon receiving the May/June edition of *playboy*, I was pleasantly greeted by June Playmate Cassandra Dawn. As a collector of *playboy's* special editions, I've admired Cassandra in numerous issues.

Michael Horn

Cassandra is certainly a woman with a face we'd never forget. She was also a finalist on Playboy Shootout and a Cyber Girl of the Week in 2010.

CHAPO CORRECTION

In the July/August issue we misidentified a host of Chapo Trap House in the photo caption for our story *Laughter in the Dark*. Pictured in the group is former producer Brendan James, not Felix Biederman.

WORLD of PLAYBOY

A full-page photograph of Emily Cassie, a Playboy Bunny, posing in a black lace bodysuit with sheer sleeves and a large white bunny headpiece with long ears. She is smiling and has her arms raised, holding the sides of the bunny headpiece. The background is a bright, out-of-focus indoor setting.

Cottontail Crown

Playboy Club London VIP hostess Emily Cassie has been repping the Rabbit ever since she began toting a Playboy purse at the age of 12. Back in February, we made the brand ambassadorship official by crowning her Bunny of the Year, and the Croydon-bred beauty has fully embraced her new role. In July, we commemorated her first trip across the pond with a sexy old-Hollywood-inspired shoot in Los Angeles, the stunning results of which appear at left and on Playboy.com. But for Emily, the recognition that comes with being a Bunny extends beyond glitz and glamour to pride in a community that celebrates individualism and camaraderie in equal measure. "So many iconic people have worn the Bunny suit," she says. "To be one of them is really powerful." Cheers to that.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SASHA EISENMAN



40 Years of High Notes

In June, the Playboy Jazz Festival took the stage for the 40th time since Hugh Hefner masterminded the inaugural concert in Chicago back in 1959. This year's two-day tour de force at the legendary Hollywood Bowl was especially poignant: As well as being a milestone anniversary, 2018 marked the first fest since the September 2017 passing of Hef, who loved jazz and advocated throughout his life for musicians' right to perform where and what they wanted. Standouts of the event, hosted by six-time MC George Lopez and produced in association with the Los Angeles Philharmonic, included Charles Lloyd, Lucinda Williams and Tower of Power.



1. Headliner Charles Lloyd and the Marvels bring the Bowl to its feet. 2. What is hip? Tower of Power's epic festival-closing set, part of the band's 50th anniversary tour. 3. Miles Electric Band channels the Chief. 4. Jazmine Sullivan brightens the day-two lineup.

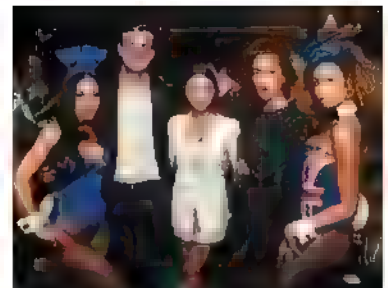


Pride Along

As a brand that has fiercely championed sexual freedom and equality for close to seven decades, Playboy, led by a bona fide rainbow of Bunnies, joined thousands of fellow Angelenos and LGBTQ supporters in June to march in L.A.'s annual Pride Parade—a first in Playboy history.

Rule Britannia!

In May, Playboy proudly accepted the 2018 British LGBT Award for best brand or marketing campaign, in recognition of our first transgender Centerfold, November 2017 Playmate Ines Rau. Rau and Chief Creative Officer Cooper Hefner (pictured here with Scarlett Byrne and friends) attended the ceremony following a reception at Playboy Club London.



Bunny Tales

Nearly 350 Bunnies and former employees convened in Wisconsin in May to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the Playboy Club-Hotel in Lake Geneva. "Playboy wasn't just a job," says organizer and longtime Bunny Diana Petersen. "It was our family."



The Craft Revolution Just Got Stronger

Helmed by Hollywood doyens **Walton Goggins** and **Matthew Alper**, Mulholland Distilling adds fuel to the explosion in independent spirits.

BY JASON HORN PHOTOGRAPHY BY AUSTIN HARGRAVE



DRINKS

"I drink whiskey with my friends, vodka with people I don't know and gin with people I'm doing business with," says Walton Goggins as he settles into one of the Mulholland Room's vintage oversize couches. You probably know Goggins from *Justified*, *The Hateful Eight*, *Vice Principals* or *Ant-Man* and the *Wasp*, but the actor is also co-owner of Mulholland Distilling, a downtown Los Angeles-based booze brand that makes all three spirits. Friends, strangers and businessmen, Goggins has you covered.

The Mulholland Room, packed with shabby-chic furniture and locally produced art, serves as the office and private bar for the distilling concern, which is the brainchild of Goggins's longtime friend Matthew Alper

craft culture that seemed to happen in all aspects of life — beer, coffee, cocktails," Goggins says. "It feels connected to a simpler time, when things were handmade because that was the only way to make them."

Craft spirits appear to be following the path that craft beer carved out in the 1990s. According to the American Craft Spirits Association, the number of producers grew from 280 in 2011 to more than 1,400 in 2016. Their share of the overall American spirits market more than tripled over the same period, from 1.2 percent to 3.8 percent. Craft beer, meanwhile, claims more than 12 percent of the total market share for suds, suggesting that there's lots of room to grow for craft spirit brands.

Angeles that specializes in partnerships with small beverage brands. This practice is fairly common. ACSA says the majority of its several hundred members are distillers, but membership is open to anybody with a distilled-spirits-plant license — the federal permit required if you want to distill, age, blend, flavor or bottle spirits of any kind. And it fits in with Mulholland's locally focused philosophy, Alper says. "What is the spirit of L.A.? It's taking the best from everywhere and putting it together."

As a well-known actor getting into the spirits business, Goggins joins celebrity booze entrepreneurs including George Clooney, whose Casamigos Tequila brand sold to British conglomerate Diageo for a staggering



"What is the spirit of L.A.? It's taking the best from everywhere and putting it together."

After more than 20 years as a cameraman (working on everything from *Free Willy* to *The Avengers*), Alper happened to meet a distiller at a party in North Carolina. As he tells it, the distiller observed, "Y'all drink a lot in Los Angeles, but you don't really have a local spirit. Why is that?" That conversation took place in 2013. Goggins came onboard the next year, and by 2016 Mulholland had officially launched.

The brand may be small — its spirits are available in just over 100 L.A.-area bars, restaurants and liquor stores — but it's part of a mounting wave of independent booze producers. "There has been this explosion in

So what does "craft" mean in the context of spirits? The association defines it as an independently owned brand selling fewer than 750,000 gallons of alcohol — just short of 5 million standard-size bottles of 80-proof spirit — per year. (Jack Daniel's sold more than 30 times that amount last year.)

One surprising aspect of Mulholland Distilling is that it doesn't actually do any distilling. Goggins and Alper source their whiskey from MGP, an Indiana distillery that supplies dozens of craft labels, and the base spirit for their vodka and gin from a Missouri producer. The spirits are then blended and bottled at a facility near Los

\$1 billion last year. But Mulholland's founders claim they aren't looking for a buyout. "I'm not George Clooney," Goggins says. "I'm an actor and I'm a storyteller. It took me a long time to get where I am. Mulholland Distilling is a creative experience I wanted in my life outside of my career."

Creativity and storytelling: two essential ingredients in spirit-making. Small production levels allow craft distillers (not to mention craft brewers, winemakers, chocolatiers and others) to tell their stories in far greater depth than the big guys. No wonder craft culture found a home in the myth-making mecca that is Los Angeles. ■





PLAYMATE

Chloe Fewster

photography by **WAYNEJ.COM** styling by **CHLOE FEWSTER**
models **JADE CAMERON** Testis **NELLY MADUNA**

PLAYMATE





Tell us something surprising about you

I love camping, motorbike riding, I'm a lover of nature and a bit of a tomboy

Were you excited to shoot for Playboy?

I was stoked to shoot for playboy it has been a goal for me!

What inspires you?

Everyday life inspires me. There is beauty an inspiration in the smallest things

Why did you choose to pursue a career in modelling?

I chose to get into the modelling industry because of my pop (RIP) he told me "You have the goods girl go for it", so I pushed on.

Who do you look up to in the modelling industry?

Cindy Crawford, she still looks amazing.

What are some of your hobbies?

I love the beach, the sun, travelling, art, meeting new people and enjoying life

Name three things on your bucket list?

To spend some time in Paris, dive with sharks and, travel around Australia

Turn-ons

A friendly smile, nice eyes and a fit body

Turn-offs

Feral teeth or bad breath

Describe to us your perfect date

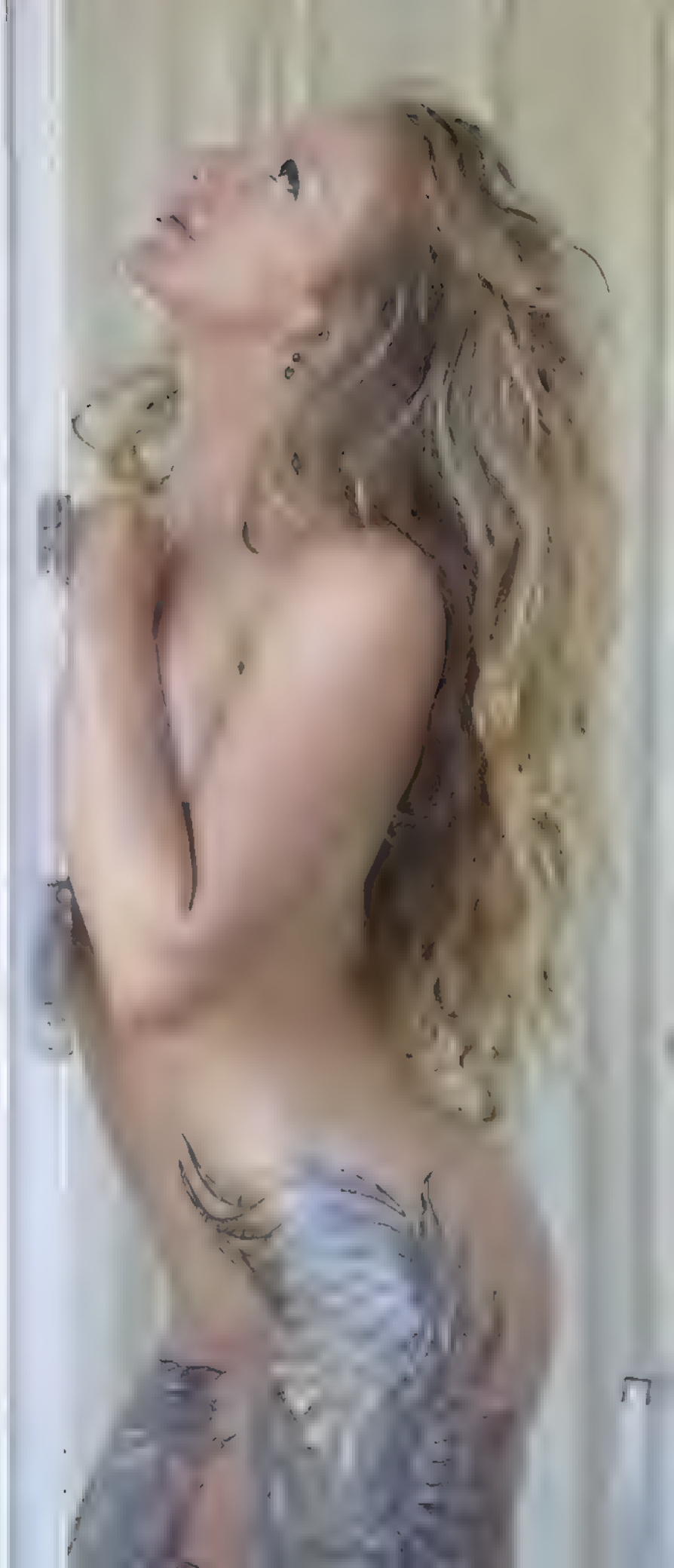
My perfect date would be camping around a fire with a few beers, then sleeping together under the stars

Which world capital would you most like to visit, and why?

I'd love to visit Africa because it holds the most beautiful exotic animals in the world. I adore elephants, they are one of my favourite species.

What is your mantra?

Live life to the fullest, do what makes you happy and never give up on your goals and ambitions











NOT

Classic Rolex's aren't the only timepieces that afford classic

YOUR

watches. A growing community of men is helping

FATHER'S

the community of men between

ROLEX



LIFESTYLE

When Paul Newman's Rolex Daytona sold for \$17.8 million and became the world's most expensive watch, it was an exclamation point on the recent trend of exploding vintage-watch prices. Nostalgia-starved hipsters, Instagram watch selfies (wristies?) and the ever-rising fortunes of the one percent all play a part, but other modern developments such as crowdfunding and microbrand retail culture are eagerly filling the vacuum — and making classic watches accessible to the rest of us.

"Microbrands are booming," says Robert-Jan Broer, founder of the online watch connoisseur magazine Fratello

Watches. "There's not a day that I don't get some Kickstarter e-mail for a new watch project." (A search for watches on the crowdfunding site recently returned more than 1,300 projects in the design section.)

According to Broer, these new microbrands are "people who like the look of vintage watches but either cannot afford the originals or are not willing to take the risk." The risk is real. If a single non-original gear or spring has been added to a vintage watch during service, your investment can be deemed a Frankenwatch — the collector's equivalent of a salvage title on a car.

Money may have put vintage collecting

out of reach and turned eccentric wrist charms into objects of Gollum-level obsession, but microbrands offer a return to the feeling that compelled collectors in the first place. "I like watches as objects of design and style, and it's harder to enjoy something that's worth a ridiculous amount of money," says Zach Weiss, co-founder of online watch authority Worn & Wound. The result? A growing sense that this new and proudly derivative breed has just as much merit as its progenitors. "The more I've gotten into doing what we're doing," Weiss adds, "writing about these microbrands and getting to know the owners, the more I'm moving away from my interest in actual vintage watches."

SOMETHING OLD, SOMETHING NEW

Six true classics side-by-side with the modern (and far more accessible) models they inspired





STILL CRAZY AFTER ALL THESE YEARS

The frightful Halloween franchise celebrates its 40th anniversary with a new film—quite possibly the most relevant and terrifying installment since the original.

BY ERIC SPITZNAGEL ILLUSTRATION BY NATHAN THOMAS MILLINER



TRICK OR TREAT!

ago this October, is culturally important, and he'll laugh in your face. "Will you stop?" he implores. "It's just a little scary movie. People come to the theater, they jump and scream, grab on to their dates — that's it. There's nothing more to it."

Granted, Halloween's premise is prettysimple: A psychopath Michael Myers, identified in the original script as "the Shape" breaks out of an insane asylum and tries to murder his sister. But unlike the bulk of its nutcase-with-a-knife imitators, this "little scary movie" terrifies us more with what it doesn't show than what it does. While most slasher films try to win on blood and carnage, the original Halloween makes deadly weapons out of shadows and anticipation.

You couldn't have asked for a better horror movie for 1978, a post-Nixon and post-Vietnam era when many Americans weren't feeling especially hopeful. Our institutions had been rocked, the Cold War was in full swing and the economy was in the toilet. Halloween captured the national feeling of dread — a general sense of "Oh God, what now?"

The franchise has been nothing if not profitable, but its nine sequels and remakes never connected with audiences quite like the original did. A new take on Halloween is coming to theaters October 19: Michael Myers's 61st birthday — and this one feels different. For one, John Carpenter is back, both as a producer and composer, his first involvement with a Halloween film since 1982. The script for this version comes from an unlikely source: Danny McBride and David Gordon Green, a team known for such comedies as *Vice Principals* and *Pineapple Express*. And then there's the sense that we need a movie like Halloween in 2018 just like we needed one in 1978.

Tommy Lee Wallace, the editor and production designer for the first Halloween (he was responsible for the look of the iconic mask) sees direct parallels between the two movies. "The time is right for a new Halloween," he says. "Our country is a horror show. Trump is in the White House, kids don't feel safe in school, the world feels like it's gone insane. A man running around killing people at random doesn't require a suspension of disbelief anymore. Halloween speaks to our collective fears about the future."

Carpenter isn't convinced. His take is more basic and gasp! more hopeful. "If there's any overarching theme to Halloween, it's probably that you can survive the night," Carpenter says. "Maybe that's something people want to be reminded of."

Try telling filmmaker John Carpenter that his dark masterpiece Halloween, which first terrified audiences 40 years

BEHIND THE MASK

Newer masks are seldom as ominous as the original. Wallace believes the thicker latex is to blame. "That first mask was super cheap and really thin," he says. Indeed, it had an ill-fitting authenticity that no professionally molded mask could touch.



The mask was painted fish belly white; the hair, originally blond, was tousled and dyed black. "I wanted to give it that slept-in look," says production designer Tommy Lee Wallace.

The sideburns were removed to give the face "a punk look," says Wallace. "I think 90 percent of his creepiness is because of the missing sideburns."

Sequel masks tend to be more form-fitting. "They built the mask to fit my face perfectly," says Brad Loree, who plays Myers in Halloween: Resurrection.

KILLING ME NOT SO SOFTLY

Ten of Michael Myers's weapons, rated from most effective to most ridiculous

1. KITCHEN KNIFE Myers uses a knife like Jackson Pollock used a paintbrush.

2. HIS HANDS Surprisingly powerful, especially his thumbs, which can bore through a victim's face with surgical precision.

3. JACUZZI WATER Not just extremely hot water; high-end spa water. It has a certain boil-the-rich bourgeois charm.

4. HAMMER If I had a hammer, I'd use the claw part to gouge out your eyes.

5. ICE SKATES The "when life hands you lemons make lemonade" of psychopath problem-solving.

6. GARDEN CLAW Who knew your grandpa's favorite gardening tool had such a dark side?

7. SCISSORS Yes, it's a blade, but it's also something we tell children not to run with. It just doesn't have the right sinister vibe.

8. JAIL BARS It's hard to be scared of anything that evokes memories of Play-Doh being pushed through a Fun Factory squeeze machine.

9. SCYTHE A bit too on the nose with the Grim Reaper imagery.

10. PHONE CORD Scary only if you're old enough to remember rotary phones.



PRISONER OF CONSCIENCE

Actor **Richard Cabral**'s past as a gang member and prison inmate is at least as dramatic as his latest vehicle: the propulsive *Sons of Anarchy* spinoff *Mayans M.C.*

If he had taken the first deal a district attorney offered him 13 years ago, one week before he was scheduled to go on trial for attempted murder, things today would be very different for Richard Cabral.

He would not have been discovered by the showrunner for *Southland*. He would not have been featured on multiple episodes of that show and then moved on to *American Crime*, which netted him an Emmy nomination. He would not be starring this fall on the *Sons of Anarchy* spinoff *Mayans M.C.* If Cabral had taken that deal, he would probably be on probation right now, working whatever job he could find with a violent felony conviction for shooting a man in a gang incident on his record. And if he had gone to trial and lost, he would still be locked up at Inwood State Prison in Blythe, California.

"The DA didn't have enough evidence to convict me for the attempted murder," Cabral says, "but he had enough to convict me for the gang allegations. One week before the trial, he offered me 13 years, and I refused it. The day before trial, he dropped it down to five years. That was it." He pled guilty to a lesser charge and went to prison at the age of 20, but he got out at 25 instead of 33.

Cabral grew up in East Los Angeles in the 1980s, back when that area was one of the biggest hotbeds of gang activity in the world. At the age of 13 he did a stint in juvenile lockup for stealing, returned a few months later for felony robbery and was hooked on crack cocaine by the time he was 15. He makes no excuses for his past, but its demons are evident in the rage and violence he brings to his characters. His stories can leave you thinking he was predestined for prison from the beginning.

"I had seen a life at 20 that most people twice my age had never seen," says Cabral, whose densely tattooed neck supports a chiseled, angular face that frequently breaks into a wide smile. "I

was actually grateful to get five years. I could have been serving 15 or 20 or 30. I was trained for assault with a deadly weapon. I grew up with guys in juvenile hall, county jail, California Youth Authority and prison. That was my normal. Going to prison for five years started a great change in my life."

That great change didn't actually happen in prison, and Cabral pushes back at the suggestion that his time behind bars reformed him.

"The system does not work," he says. "They throw savages in a cage and say, 'Figure it out.' My journey started after prison." He discovered a program

for former gang members called Homeboy Industries and got a job at the organization's well-regarded L.A. bakery. There, he found structure, a work ethic and opportunities. Homeboy is also where he met the *Southland* showrunner who set him on his current path, and he goes back there often to talk to other former gang members.

Mayans M.C. (the "M.C." stands for Motorcycle Club) will give Cabral another chance to dig into his past. Set a few years after the end of *Sons of Anarchy*, the new series shifts the Mayans to the foreground and the setting from northern California to the U.S.-Mexico border. "It's a gang world on motorcycles," Cabral says, "and I grew up in gangs."

FX has kept a tight lid on the series' storylines, but a promo in which the Mayans ride their motorcycles along what appears to be a border wall hints that the show will engage on issues of immigration and racism—much as *The Handmaid's Tale* has with sexual assault and authoritarianism and *Black Mirror* has with technology and privacy.

"The Mayans are the same kind of brotherhood that I had on the streets when I was a kid," Cabral says. "I could relate to that." If *Mayans M.C.* succeeds in channeling Cabral's hard-won magnetism, viewers may find themselves relating too.

BY SCOTT PORCH



Playboy Advisor

Sex columnist **Anna del Gaizo** counsels a male sugar baby in utero. She then dips a toe in the more extreme end of sex play and offers some tips on ending an affair with a professor



Q: *I'm a recent college grad who has decided to make a life change: I want a sugar mama. I have an entry-level job and almost no disposable income, and I'd love to get a fixed allowance with minimal effort. I know these relationships are common and can be set up on various websites, but for a straight guy, is it as simple as creating a profile?—J.S., Cincinnati, Ohio*

ILLUSTRATION BY ZOHAR LAZAR



A: There's no shame in using what your mama gave you to get yourself another mama, and there's definitely no shame in being a kept man. So why aren't more young men enlisting generous older dames to sponsor their checking accounts? Because nothing is free

While there are more avenues than ever before to explore a mutually beneficial arrangement with a stranger, expect to earn every Venmo transfer you hope to receive. These relationships involve a lot more than "minimal effort," starting with the search for the right partner. Sugar, SugarD, Sudy and Seeking Arrangement are the most popular apps and websites for facilitating transactional relationships. As with any online dating, more apps mean more potential partners who will request photos and ask screener questions ("What are you into? Are you dominant or submissive? How big is your penis?") but ultimately waste your time by ghosting you.

Before creating an account, you'll need to start thinking about sex differently. Transactional sex is not just about pleasure; it's about focusing on her pleasure. Sugar mamas and daddies tend to be older, so you should hook up with an older woman beforehand if you haven't already. Their pleasure points are different, as are their bodies. When you build your profile, clearly state your expectations. Spell out that you're looking for a fixed allowance. There's power in being direct. And once you've set up a date, get cultured and groomed before seducing a sugar mama. It's silly, but you need to spend money to make money. Invest in a tailored suit from a mid-market retailer like Bonobos or Suitsupply. Learn the basics of wine selection and dining at prestigious restaurants. Familiarize yourself with the best upscale bars in the city — somewhere you won't be gawked at by other recent college grads. Ask your date questions, and be polite. Finally, don't undress in front of her before money has been discussed. As with any transaction, you need to negotiate. Don't lowball yourself. Your tight body and sexual stamina are worth more to this woman than you may think.

While you're at it, consider devoting the same amount of time and energy to finding a better-paying job and securing your future. The only thing more satisfying than spending someone else's money is spending your own.

Q: *I like sex that involves a lot of spit, from kissing to oral. It's hard to keep going with this fetish, though, once lube is introduced. Essentially, once a woman lubes me up, she won't go down on me for the rest of the night. And some women prefer to use lube during intercourse versus me using my spit. Are there any pitfalls to telling female partners*

that mine is a spit-only bedroom?—T.L.

A: Spit is sexy, but only in the right context and when there's enough to go around. Swapping spit during a hardcore make-out session? Seductively spitting on your girl's vagina before you push deep inside her? Sloppy, spitsoaked blow jobs? Yes, yes, yes! But even if a partner shares your fetish, what happens when your mouth runs dry and friction settles in? For example, the more alcohol, cannabis or recreational drugs you consume, the drier your mouth gets. Unless you produce more saliva than the average person — enough to sustain multiple reapplications during a marathon fuck — it's smart to keep a bottle of lube bedside. If the silky but synthetic quality of lube is what turns you off, try coconut oil as an organic alternative, just make sure to ask your partner first, as coconut oil upsets the pH levels in some women's vaginas.

Lube isn't usually necessary for traditional intercourse, so I doubt your woman friend will complain if you go natural. If she does, tell her the sight of her slobbering all over you is a major turn-on. If that doesn't do it for her, or if she automatically whips out her own travelsize K-Y Jelly before sex, she's obviously not the right match for a saliva enthusiast like yourself. Whatever you do, do not proclaim your bedroom to be a spit-only zone. Making sex nonnegotiable will turn off many women completely.

Oh, and don't even think about doing anal without lube. You want your bedroom looking like that spit-soaked sex scene between Rachel McAdams and Rachel Weisz in 2017's *Disobedience* — not *Deliverance*.

Q: *I started sleeping with my hot professor but didn't know he was married — he doesn't wear a wedding band because he's in what he calls an "unconventional" relationship. I've since learned his wife also works at the university. I realize I'm just an escape from his boring, middle-aged life and I want to end it, but the semester is only midway through. What's a respectable exit plan for a girl who did something unrespectable?—M.P.*

A: For a man who claims to be unconventional, he isn't very original. As for affairs with college professors, many of us have been there. Such relations are richly appealing to students: They're taboo, they make us doozyed dimwits feel special and they ensure lectures are more fun. But as you've learned, almost every illicit affair comes with an expiration date.

Props to you for recognizing how pathetic your professor is, not only for cheating on his wife (unless his "unconventional" marriage expressly permits multiple sex partners) but for

using his position as a superior to get laid. If anyone is undeserving of respect here, it's him.

Now let's talk exit strategy. When I was an undergrad, my plan included wearing oversize flannel pajamas to class to send the message that sexy time had ceased. But you're better than that, so here's some advice from a woman who graduated college when you were still learning about the birds and the bees: Take the mature route and tell him, via text or in person, that you know he's married and you can't continue this affair. Block him on social media to make it clear. Tell him you hope this won't affect your class work. (I really hope you're not taking an ethics class from him.) If it does, remember that you have the upper hand. He's one vindictive grade away from sinking his pension — and probably his marriage.

Q: *I've found a lot of women like, and even request, to be choked during sex — but not slapped. I got in trouble recently for slapping my girlfriend while fucking her. We usually fuck aggressively, so now I'm confused. What's the difference in eroticism between choking and slapping?—A.W.*

A: Here's some general advice: Nothing makes much sense in life, especially the nuances of carnal desire. Having said that, choking and slapping are in the same category of Abusive Fetishes That Require Consent, but that's where the similarities end.

You're right that many women like to be choked during sex, and most aren't masochists. It's often a turn-on to relinquish control to another human, especially one who is hovering over your pulsing body. A lot of women enjoy coital slapping so vigorous that their cheeks sting, their ears ring and they see stars. I know this to be true because I'm one of those women, but I also know I'm in the minority.

Choking, or the more extreme erotic asphyxiation, is commonplace these days. The dynamics equate to a titillating dominant-submissive power play. There's also the physical effect. When blood flow to your brain is restricted, the release of adrenaline and endorphins causes a dizzying rush. Getting slapped may feel more like punishment, and that sudden stimulus activates dopamine receptors in some women. For others, it just feels like pure physical abuse.

When it comes to pleasure, we're all wired differently. As for your partner's preferences, it's not your job to ask her why; your job is to ask yourself if you can deliver without compromising your own pleasure or crossing her lines. Doing either could eliminate the eroticism of your sexual dynamic completely.

Questions? E-mail advisor@playboy.com



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES



Halloween Costume Pro Tip: Put on an old suit you haven't worn in years and say you're dressed as Guy Who Didn't Want to Put Any Effort Into His Costume So He's Pretending He's Don Draper.

An old widower goes to a brothel

"I want someone who reminds me of my deceased wife," he says.

"Certainly," the madam replies. "Now, was she blonde or brunette?"

"I don't remember," says the widower

"Well, was she short or tall?"

"I don't remember"

"Was she petite or voluptuous?"

"I don't remember"

Growing impatient, the madam asks, "What the hell do you remember?"

To which he replies, "Nothing—that's why I want someone who reminds me!"

If you're a pot dealer in Oklahoma and you hear "I'm a cop," you know you're going to jail. If you're a pot dealer in California and you hear "I'm a cop," you recommend a soothing indica from your well-lit display case and remind the officer to get a free dab hit on the way out.

Speaking of California cops, we heard about a Humboldt County police sergeant addressing his force one morning: "As you know, it's

harvest season, so I want you to keep an eye out for any motorists who are driving under the influence of marijuana."

"What do we look for?" asks another cop

"Anyone driving at a reasonable speed and coming to a complete halt at stop signs"

Two women are sitting on a park bench, mulling over their love lives

"My husband should be a newscaster," says the first. "Every time we make love, he says, 'This just in!'"

"Well, my husband should be an anesthesiologist," replies her friend, "because he always says, 'Don't worry — you won't feel a thing!'"

The trouble with political jokes is that they sometimes get elected.

Here's a lesser-known story from the Old Testament. God is dictating the Ten Commandments to Moses

"Thou shalt honor thy father and mother," says God

"Your will be done," Moses replies, carving the words into a stone tablet

Then God says, "Thou shall not kill."

"Praise be unto you," quoth Moses, carving away again

Then the Lord says, "Thou shall not covet thy neighbor's house, nor his wife, nor his——"

Moses pauses his labors.

"Excuse me, Lord," he says "What does covet mean?"

"It means envy," says the Divine Creator.

"Phew!" cries Moses. "I don't want to covet her, Lord. I just want to fuck her."

One Halloween night, a little girl with a mortal fear of ghosts is tucked in by her mother and father. An hour later, she wakes to low moans seeping through the wall — the one her room shares with that of her parents. Convinced the

house is overrun with vengeful spirits, she runs down the hall and bursts through her parents' door. Unfortunately, the sight of Mom and Dad under the white sheet, frantically untangling themselves, serves only to confirm the girl's fear that a portal to hell has opened up in her home. She runs screaming out the door.

"Get her!" cries the wife. "We have to explain!"

The husband shakes his head. "Sit tight, honey," he says. "You can outgrow a fear of ghosts, but you never, ever get over the horror of seeing your parents fucking."

Little-known fact: The literal translation of *karaoke* is "Go home, you're drunk."

If you're telekinetic and you know it, clap my hands



Still pining for summer travel? Let yourself down easy by buying used hotel sheets, breaking your thermostat and hiring a guy to stand in your hallway, screaming gibberish



VICTOR KERLOW





Jennifer

ROBERGE

Photograph by **CHRIS V LINTON** MUA by **LINDA RADAN** Text by **NELLY MADUNA**

**Tell us something surprising about you**

I've been in the luxury vehicle sales field for just over 10 years. I love everything about Mercedes-Benz.

Were you excited to shoot for Playboy?

Yes, I am very excited to be in Playboy. Who wouldn't be excited and honoured to be featured in such an iconic magazine.

What inspires you?

My friends and family inspire me to be the best version of myself.

Why did you choose to pursue a career in modelling?

Modelling is very new to me. I am working towards being featured in a few more magazines. I never thought about it until recently after a stunning photo shoot with one of the best in the industry, Chris Linton.

Who do you look up to in the modelling industry?

There isn't one particular model I look up to. There are so many beautiful hard-working people out there who bring something special to the industry.

What are some of your hobbies?

I love to bake (sample one, and then give it away), play slo-pitch and love to be on a paddle board.

Name three things on your bucket list?

White water rafting, visit Victoria Falls in Zambia, and bungee jumping.

Turn-ons

Confidence, a well-manicured beard, and great breath.

Turn-offs

Bad breath, conceit, and bad manners.

Describe to us your perfect date

My perfect date would be paddle boarding on the river/lake and having a shore picnic and then ending off the evening with patio drinks with a great view.

Which world capital would you most like to visit, and why?

Cape Town, South Africa. I've always wanted to explore the wilderness and get a glimpse of all the majestic animals. I hear the food is also amazing which is one of the best parts about traveling.

What is your mantra?

Live with no regrets. You're never too old to begin a new adventure.













The CAMPUS CONSENT CRISIS

From Title IX to
cases between co-

STEPHAN LANE





It's a warm, late-summer day on an American college campus, and the freshman invasion is in full swing. After the flights, the unpacking and the tearful good-byes, a crowd of new faces heads out to celebrate the hard-earned victory of independence. That's when our two underclassmen meet.

Phone numbers are exchanged during a night of conversation, dancing and furtive partaking. But after a few hours of getting to know each other, neither student is ready to call it a night just yet. The two walk, hand in hand, back to one of their rooms.

In a rare twist of luck, they have the place to themselves. They sit on the bed, which in the months ahead will also serve as a dining room table, couch and study hall, and look into each other's eyes.

"Can I kiss you?"

"I would love that."

And kiss they do. One of them hits the lights.

"There are so many things I want to do to you, and you to me."

"Oh yeah? Like what?"

"I want to run my hands all over your body, feeling every inch of you."

"That sounds nice. Let's start with that."

They lie down, side-by-side, and begin exploring each other's bodies.

"What else do you want?"

"I want to take off all of your clothes, and all of my clothes, and feel your skin next to mine."

Is that okay?"

"That's more than okay."

They undress each other, appreciating their respective views.

"I want to press my naked body against yours and kiss you all over, from head to toe. Can I do that?"

"Please, do that."

Now comes the moment they've both been waiting for.

"Can I put myself inside you?"

"Yes...yes...yes!"

"Does that feel as good for you as it does for me?"

"So good. Please don't stop."

...

What we have just witnessed is a demonstration of affirmative consent, defined in California, one of the four states that legally recognize it as the standard on college campuses, as "affirmative, conscious and voluntary agreement to engage in sexual activity." Although Ohio isn't one of those states, you may expect this kind of interaction on the sleepy campus of Antioch College in Yellow Springs, Ohio. At this school, which looks like something straight

out of a summer-camp brochure from the 1970s, the culture of consent is so strong that even as students talk openly about the kind of sex they want to have, they're taken aback when someone attempts a hug without first asking permission.

Affirmative consent was first brought to national attention in 1990, straight from the campus of Antioch. It was revolutionary at the time in that it demanded an unequivocal "yes" at each stage of sexual interaction. The activists who fought for its inclusion in the college's sexual-offense-prevention policy, or SOPP, became a national joke, accused of killing romance and depicted in a Saturday Night Live sketch as loonies who didn't understand the difference between a hookup and date rape. It became easy to overlook the fact that the new policy stemmed from the rapes on campus of multiple Antioch students that fall — and those students being forced to face their rapists every day at school.

That was when the "Womyn of Antioch" declared that only "yes means yes" and that silence or "lack of protest or resistance" does not equal a yes. Back then, the idea was that you had to communicate "yes" verbally, but now the understanding across the United States is that affirmative consent can also be shown through body language, which arguably creates a gray area around sexual assault. Regardless of how it's conveyed, affirmative consent must be "ongoing throughout a sexual activity and can be revoked at any time," according to some of the state laws that have established it as a standard at institutions of higher learning in California, Connecticut, Illinois and New York.

Although it's not required by law in all states, affirmative consent is the prevailing policy at most schools in the country, according to Michele Dauber, a Stanford University Law School professor who teaches a class on college policies regarding sexual assault and gender-motivated violence on campuses. Dauber is also a close family friend of a young woman known as Emily Doe, whose sexual assault by Brock Turner in northern California in 2015 exposed an alarming array of biases and blind spots when it comes to campus assault cases.

Stories like Emily Doe's raise the question. Were the Antioch activists in fact loony, or were they just ahead of their time?

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According to a January 2017 report by the Obama administration's White House Task Force to Protect Students from Sexual

Assault, one in five women and one in 14 men are victims of sexual assault while in college. The numbers are worse for transsexual men and women, with more than one in four experiencing sexual assault in college. Even Antioch reported five forcible rapes between 2015 and 2016, and that's with an average student body of fewer than 250.

Essential to this issue is a federal law that most people associate with college sports: Title IX of the Education Amendments Act of 1972 applies to all colleges and universities, both private and public, that receive federal funding, even if only through financial aid programs used by their students. The law states that "no person in the United States shall, on the basis of sex, be excluded from participation in, be denied the benefits of, or be subjected to discrimination under any education program or activity receiving Federal financial assistance."

Title IX became somewhat clearer in 2011, when the Obama administration's Department of Education issued a letter from the Office for Civil Rights. A supplementary Q&A document followed in 2014; both sought to lay out how the department would evaluate a given school's Title IX compliance and therefore its eligibility for federal funding. Six years and one administration after Obama's DOE letter, Education Secretary Betsy DeVos issued her own Q&A. That "interim" document rolled back the much more extensive Obama-era guidance, which has been criticized as being too victim-focused. Significant changes in DeVos's document include no longer requiring schools to provide interim measures to protect the complainant during the investigation; asserting that "gag orders," which prevent parties from discussing investigations, are likely unfair; letting schools decide whether to allow appeals from the person filing the claim (a.k.a. the "complainant") when they choose to allow them from the accused (referred to as the "respondent"); and removing the recommended time line of 60 days for completing a Title IX investigation.

Perhaps the most momentous change resulting from the DeVos Q&A is this: Schools can once again choose between two standards of proof in cases of alleged sexual assault. Under the Obama guidance, the standard required was the "preponderance of the evidence." By this standard, which is currently law in California, school authorities must find a given narrative "more likely than not" to be true in order to find a person responsible for an allegation, it's also known as the "50 percent plus a feather" standard. But now the higher



standard of “clear and convincing evidence,” defined as “so clear as to leave no substantial doubt,” is allowed, except in California. Given that most of these cases lack the benefit of witnesses or evidence typical in other disciplinary matters, the higher standard in effect favors the respondent.

DeVos, acting assistant secretary for civil rights Candice Jackson, the Department of Education and the Office for Civil Rights did not respond to queries about when official guidance would replace the 2017 interim Q&A.

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The struggle to balance the interests and rights of both complainants and respondents has breached the walls of academia, spilling over into legal battles and media frenzies. One year into the #MeToo movement, which has brought down powerful men across multiple industries as stories of sexual misconduct and abuse of power have come to light, the arguments are familiar. Some say that those accused of sexual assault are being vilified without a fair review of the facts. Denver-based attorney Pamela Robillard Mackey, who chaired and convened the American College of Trial Lawyers Task Force on the Response of Universities and Colleges to Allegations of Sexual Violence, says that while the sentiment may be unpopular, it is fundamentally true from a trial lawyer’s perspective.

“Politically, and in the changing social climate, there is this prevailing notion that survivors must be believed at all costs,” she says. “This is a concern. There is a place for a complaining witness to be believed, but you simply cannot begin a truth-finding process assuming that either side is truthful. You have to start by believing no one and then seek to find that truth.”

Experts such as Lynn Hecht Schafran, senior vice president at Legal Momentum, a New York based advocacy group for the legal rights of women, note that under Title IX, schools have an equal obligation to both parties in these cases, as well as to their community at large, with the goal of protecting students from a hostile environment rather than incarcerating someone guilty of a crime.

In arguing for the need to take seriously and respond quickly to students who report sexual assault to their academic institutions under Title IX, some experts point out that schools can take immediate actions — such as changing students’ dorm rooms and class assignments to keep the alleged victim and offender apart — that are not possible in the criminal justice system. Clearly there are a variety of reasons victims of sexual violence

in college might first seek help from their schools — including the various ways in which law enforcement has failed survivors. “Some people simply don’t want to get involved in the criminal justice system,” says Schafran. “They know how invasive it is and that it can take years.”

...

Only an average of 310 out of every 1,000 sexual assaults are reported to police, according to the Department of Justice’s National Crime Victimization Survey from 2011 to 2014. That means more than two out of three go unreported. But even if an assault is reported, Schafran says, police are generally the ones who ultimately determine whether to refer a case for prosecution. Of those 310 reported cases, it’s estimated only 57 will lead to arrest and only 11 of those will be referred for possible prosecution, according to FBI data from the National Incident-Based Reporting System, as analyzed by the Rape, Abuse & Incest National Network, or RAINN. This is to say nothing of the hundreds of thousands of untested rape kits that have been uncovered across the country.

“Even if a case is referred for prosecution,” Schafran says, “it is still rare for prosecutors to have specialized training in techniques for interviewing traumatized victims, and because they haven’t elicited evidence in the most effective and complete way, they may think they cannot meet the burden of proof and decide not to take the case.” Schafran explains that “trauma-informed interviewing is based on understanding how the neurobiology of trauma impacts victims’ behavior and thought processes during and after a traumatic event, whether it’s a sexual assault, home invasion or bank robbery. Because sexual assault victims’ reactions often appear counterintuitive — why didn’t she run? — being able to explain why to a jury is crucial.”

Schafran recalls a sex-crimes prosecutor once telling her, “If you have a good win-loss record in this role, that means you’re not taking the hard cases and educating the community.”

Out of the 1,000 sexual assaults we started with, on average only seven will lead to a felony conviction, and only six of those convicted will be incarcerated, according to RAINN’s analysis. And the time served can be scandalously short, as in the case of Brock Turner.

For sexually assaulting Emily Doe behind a Dumpster while she was unconscious on the Stanford University campus, in front of witnesses, Turner, a student athlete, was sentenced to six months in jail, three years of probation and lifetime registration as a sex

offender. He served three months. Turner’s sentence was so controversial that Judge Aaron Persky, who presided over his case, was recalled from the bench on June 5. But leading up to his recall, Persky was supported in his sentencing by legal scholars, fellow judges and attorneys in the Bay Area.

“Women need better access to justice in the criminal courts,” says Dauber, who led the Persky recall effort. “When justice isn’t served in criminal courts, it has a deterring effect on victims and, concurrently, a lack of a deterrent effect for perpetrators. In a context in which the criminal justice system continues to fail survivors of sexual violence, colleges and universities will have to do better.”

So why didn’t Doe pursue sanctions against Turner through Stanford’s Title IX office? According to Dauber, Stanford has expelled only one student for sexual assault. The student in question was not Turner, who was allowed to withdraw from the university, quietly and voluntarily, shortly after his arrest, thus preserving his NCAA eligibility.

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Like Emily Doe, the overwhelming majority of victims of sexual violence in college do not report their attacks to school officials. In fact, 93 percent don’t, according to a 2016 Bureau of Justice Statistics study. And when they do, the results can be similarly lopsided. Just ask Emma Sulkowicz, a Columbia University student who reported an assault and lost the Title IX claim against their alleged attacker. (Sulkowicz identifies as gender nonbinary and uses the pronouns they, them and their.)

Before Sulkowicz began carrying a 50-pound mattress around campus for an entire academic year as a college-sanctioned piece of performance art, the man who allegedly committed anal rape in the midst of consensual vaginal sex was found “not responsible” following a hearing.

In a November 2013 letter addressed to Columbia College dean James Valentini, Sulkowicz sought an appeal of the school’s finding. Regardless of whether you believe Sulkowicz’s account, the letter paints a grimly resonant picture of the system’s weaknesses. Sulkowicz described Columbia’s significant departures from its own gender-based misconduct policies, including delays far in excess of the school’s recommended time line for a hearing and a careless approach to investigating, as well as a general feeling of not being taken seriously.

Before Sulkowicz graduated, mattress in tow, in the spring of 2015, Columbia launched a \$2.2 million study known as the Sexual Health Initiative to Foster Transformation. Its results largely follow existing national data



on prevalence and underreporting of college campus sexual assault. The study is irrelevant and unnecessarily expensive, says Sulkowicz. "It doesn't cost a thing for the people in power to do the right thing," they say, referring to Dean Valentini's denial of the appeal and Sulkowicz's claim that he ordered them to "get out of his office" when they came by in person to discuss the matter.

A Columbia University representative had no comment on Sulkowicz's response to the study.

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Cases like this hit close to home for New York based attorney Andrew Miltenberg, who has three children, including a son and a daughter in college — and whose clients include the man accused of raping Sulkowicz.

Miltenberg estimates that over the past five years his office has represented more than 250 clients — mostly male respondents — in disciplinary matters in more than 30 states. He says that due process has been violated in Title IX cases everywhere from Division I and Ivy League schools to small programs many of us would have a hard time finding on a map. The cause? Overcorrecting after years of being asleep at the wheel when it comes to handling claims of sexual harassment and assault.

"I think the implementation of what was otherwise a well-intentioned policy has been a disaster," he says of the Obama guidance.

He cites a lack of consistency between schools and within them, boiling it down to a "genuine misunderstanding and misapplication of policy and protocol" — a critique that strangely echoes that of Sulkowicz.

Miltenberg says that all too often poorly outlined investigation and hearing policies in student handbooks make it impossible to know what anyone involved in a Title IX investigation should expect to happen, what the time frame will be and whom they will be dealing with. He has also seen interim measures, such as changes in class schedules and living arrangements, disproportionately impacting respondents.

"I'm not a men's rights proponent," Miltenberg says. "I'm a due process and civil rights advocate, and what I know is that the process as it has been executed in the majority of cases I've seen is at best confusing, not

well developed and not well thought-out."

And while Miltenberg doesn't necessarily take issue with the preponderance-of-evidence standard, he says that "starting with trauma-informed investigating creates a situation where that standard of proof is very hard to overcome for the respondent."

Miltenberg also feels that, often, investigators act as context-blocking gatekeepers rather than collectors of evidence. He has seen cross-examination excluded from school proceedings and feels most appeals are not truly independent. Even so, he acknowledges that college campuses have to step up their response to sexual assault.

"On the one hand," he says, "we have a place to do this, and that's the criminal justice system. But on the other hand, municipalities are stretched, and also not everything that

**"It doesn't
cost a thing
for the people
in power to do
the right
thing."**

happens on college campuses rises to the level of what would interest the police. So as a practical matter there still has to be some mechanism on campus to protect people from sexual assault and misconduct."

Which brings us back to Title IX — at press time still twisted between the mandates of two wildly different administrations.

...

SurvJustice, Inc., Equal Rights Advocates and the Victim Rights Law Center have sued DeVos, Jackson and the Department of Education, seeking to have DeVos's new guidance thrown out, which could effectively reinstate Obama-era guidance. The complaint argues that the 2017 Title IX policy conflicts

with the law's requirements, is discriminatory against women and is based on a mistaken view that Obama-era guidance limited due process — while noting that there have been problems with the way schools have put more recent policies into effect.

The defendants have filed a motion to dismiss the lawsuit. Whether the case moves forward or not, the arguments made by the plaintiffs highlight the tension between the rights of alleged survivors and those of the accused in the college setting. When it comes to solutions, opinions are no less divided.

Things Miltenberg would like to see implemented across the board include investigators with more training, full panel hearings and a move away from the single-investigator model in which one person must collect evidence, issue findings of fact and issue a determination of responsibility, as well as an independent appeal process that is completely removed from the school and conducted by someone with training in adjudication.

"A thoughtful, transparent process that gives everybody a full and fair and reasonable opportunity to be heard, and heard by people who don't have a predetermined bias and have been trained properly, would go a long way," Miltenberg says.

Mackey, of the American College of Trial Lawyers Task Force, says quite the opposite. In a white paper published in March 2017, after the ACTL's yearlong investigation, the organization recommended raising the standard of proof to that of clear and convincing evidence to strengthen due process for respondents while avoiding more procedural safeguards.

"What is happening in these processes is so far away from what happens in civil proceedings," she says, citing a lack of resources and training. "We needed to present a compromise that was usable, accessible and practical for campuses or universities but gave all involved fair due process. Heightening the standard of proof was one way to add process without turning these investigations into full-blown criminal trials."

Other recommendations from the ACTL include the use of completely impartial investigations, right to counsel, access to evidence, more complete notice of allegations given to respondents and some form of cross-examination. Whether those measures, or Miltenberg's recommendations, will be implemented, and whether they'll actually



turn the tide, is anyone's guess

...

Back at Antioch, three students at a picnic table behind the main hall on a cool spring day have a few ideas about how to confront sexual assault.

Media arts major Zoë Ritzhaupt — a 20-year-old who grew up within miles of the school and identifies as genderqueer-nonbinary — believes that the person attempting the action is the one responsible for obtaining consent. Understanding that may head off situations such as the one

he says. "Other college campuses may have an affirmative consent policy, but if there isn't a strong culture supporting that policy, I don't see how it can be as successful as it is at Antioch."

Vanarsdale is referring to students respecting one another and feeling comfortable holding one another accountable when boundaries are crossed. That kind of culture requires work to create, such as devoting two weeks to sexual-awareness education, as Antioch does every October.

Mel Osanya, a 22-year-old from Iowa who identifies as pansexual, expands on Vanarsdale's thought. "There also needs to

Some Antioch undergraduates are lobbying to have the SOPP include language requiring affirmative consent for platonic touch, such as hugs and handshakes. That may not be necessary, other students feel.

"We already ask if we can give each other hugs, for example, and it's something we teach new students when they arrive for orientation," Osanya says. "Every interaction that invades a personal space bubble should be consensual."

Vanarsdale agrees. "Sexual assault and sexual violence are not always an intended sexual thing," he says. "That's why it's important to be mindful of the space that we



Andrew M. Tenberg, known for representing respondents in Antioch's sexual assault cases, is a student's rights proponent

involving Aziz Ansari that was described on Babe.net in January.

"I've had lots of experiences like that, and I know other people have too," Ritzhaupt says. "If we remember that simple fact, then it's not up to someone to have to say no to something that's already happening to them, which is a really hard thing for a lot of people to do."

Twenty-two-year-old Marcell Vanarsdale adds that prevention has to start at the community level.

"There has to be a culture around consent,"

be a commitment to responsiveness from the administration beyond building the culture of consent within the student body," Osanya says. "I think the administration's responsiveness is one reason the SOPP is so effective here."

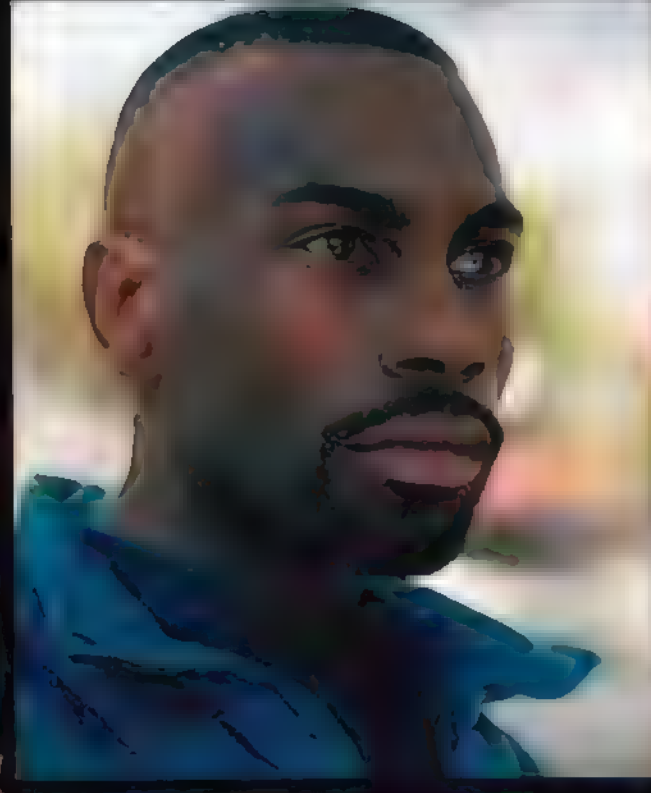
All three Antioch students seem to agree that consent education needs to begin well before college, with age-appropriate instruction entering the curriculum as early as kindergarten. In fact, two of the students have come directly from the local high school, where they've just led a session on affirmative consent.

engage in."

The lesson? People don't always want to be touched, but when they do, and when they fully express that desire, the result can be far more stimulating than the inebrated fumbling so typical of college life. When you look at it like that, today's Antioch students appear to have their fingers on the pulse of a cultural shift — a steady calibration of the movement their predecessors started nearly 30 years ago. While the gears of political and academic bureaucracy grind their way to a more equal environment, they may be our only hope



VICTOR KERLOW



MAKING THE HARD CASE FOR HOPE

One of today's most prominent activists recounts his journey to becoming a voice of reason and resistance in a divided America

BY **DERAY MCKESSON**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALEXANDER WAGNER

When I made that nine-hour drive to Ferguson, Missouri four years ago, I didn't really know where my head was at.

It had been a week since Michael Brown, an unarmed 18-year-old black male, was killed there by white police officer Darren Wilson. After watching the chaos unfold on television and Twitter, I got off my couch, jumped in my car and headed to Ferguson to join the growing protests. Within moments of arriving, I was tear-gassed. I just remember thinking I would do whatever I could, give up whatever I could, to prevent what happened to Brown from happening to anyone else. I eventually relocated to Ferguson full-time, quitting my job as a public school administrator and emptying my savings account. In those early days of organizing, I found my path.

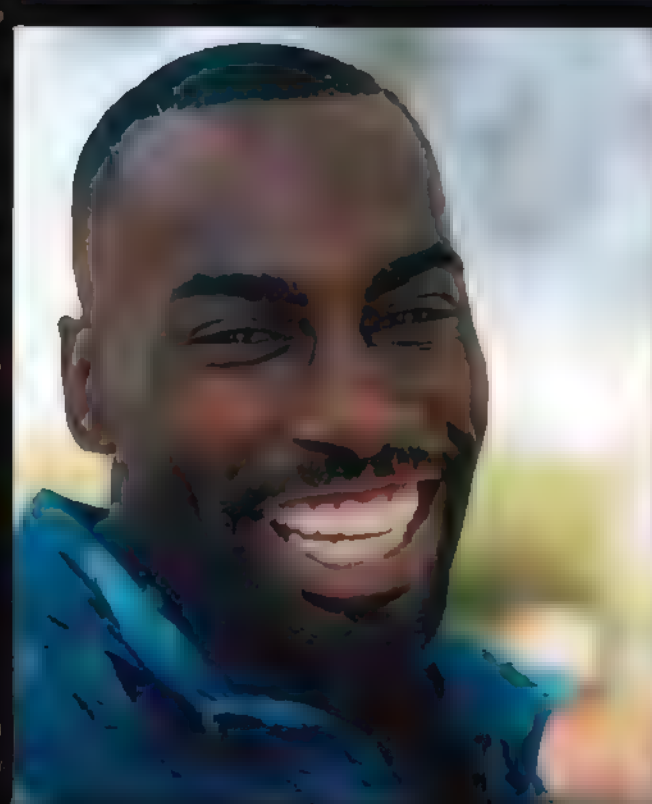
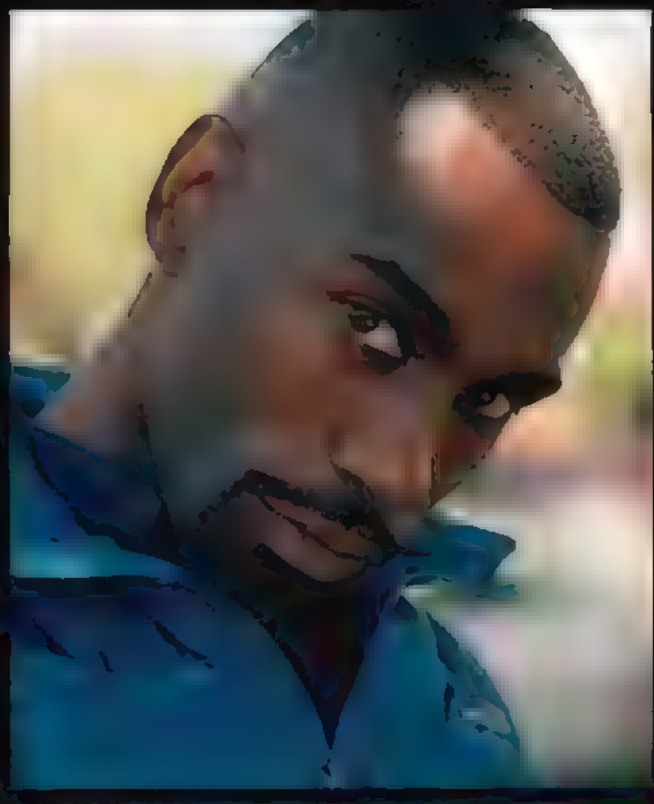
A lot of people forget we were demonstrating in the streets for 400 days. That's a long time. People gloss over that when they talk about Black Lives Matter, and that's dangerous because it hides the spirit and the energy that started these protests in Ferguson, across the country and around the world. It erases the uniqueness of the phenomenon: A group of regular folks came together and decided to rise up against the terrorization of their communities.

Now that the world is a little bit slower and I'm not out in the streets organizing every

day, I look back and recognize just how many decisions I made in good faith in 2014. I've been able to spend more time reflecting on what I could have done differently and what I've learned.

A sermon I heard not too long ago resonated with me. The preacher said that if you share your story too early, people will see only the pain and not the purpose. If I had written a book two years ago, it would simply have been a play-by-play on the protests. Now I'm at a point where I can see the larger themes surrounding the movement. I can more easily connect the dots across cities and across the years in a way I wouldn't have been able to a few years ago. So it felt like the right time to put this narrative down. The result is *On the Other Side of Freedom: The Case for Hope*.

Four years ago I would have said the problem with police was bad people making bad decisions. Now I understand that there's a layer of laws that protect the police. The problem is systemic and entrenched, but because of the increased capacity for data collection on police violence, today we can do a better job recognizing and addressing it. We have more reliable data on the frequency and nature of violent police encounters, and so we're better able to formulate solutions through initiatives like the Police Union Contract Project and



8941

Campaign Zero that push for greater accountability. Instead of just knowing that the system is stacked against people of color, we know how the system is stacked against us, which allows us to pinpoint the harmful policies that need to be uprooted

People often criticize those who work within the system to bring about significant change, but I feel there is value in coming at these problems from both ends. When I ran for mayor of my home city, Baltimore, in 2016, a lot of people were outraged because of this pervasive idea that all meaningful activism happens outside the system. I was forced to justify my decision over and over again. (This was before Donald Trump became president, today it seems like everyone is running for office, and if you aren't, then you're a punk.) Despite losing, I'm not ruling out an eventual return to politics. We need to make sure the right people are in these powerful roles. For now, I feel I have a bigger influence outside politics, thanks in part to my podcast, *Pod Save the People*, and to Twitter

Twitter is an incredible platform, and during those days in Ferguson it saved our lives by allowing us to communicate around the police, beyond their grasp. Social media was really the only way for people outside Missouri to witness what we were witnessing, so I don't know where we would have been without it. But despite

A GROUP OF REGULAR FOLKS CAME TOGETHER AND DECIDED TO RISE UP AGAINST THE TERRORIZATION OF THEIR COMMUNITIES.

Twitter being a place where you can get a lot of information, I'm not sure it's the best place to process information, which was my motivation for starting the podcast — and ultimately for writing a book. I wanted the public to gain a new way of thinking about pressing social issues such as mass incarceration and over-policing. I wanted to create tools for those who are hungry to enter social justice activism and community organizing — tools that would make them better at the work.

Something I felt compelled to tweet in the early days of the movement, particularly after

a tough time out in the streets, was "I love my blackness. And yours." Throughout everything, that remains a monumental message to me. I'm saying it as much to the world as I'm saying it to myself. Love is what actually sustains us every night.

We understand that this world can be better, and we're going to do something about it.

DeRay McKesson's On the Other Side of Freedom: The Case for Hope is out September 4 from Viking, find him on Twitter @deray

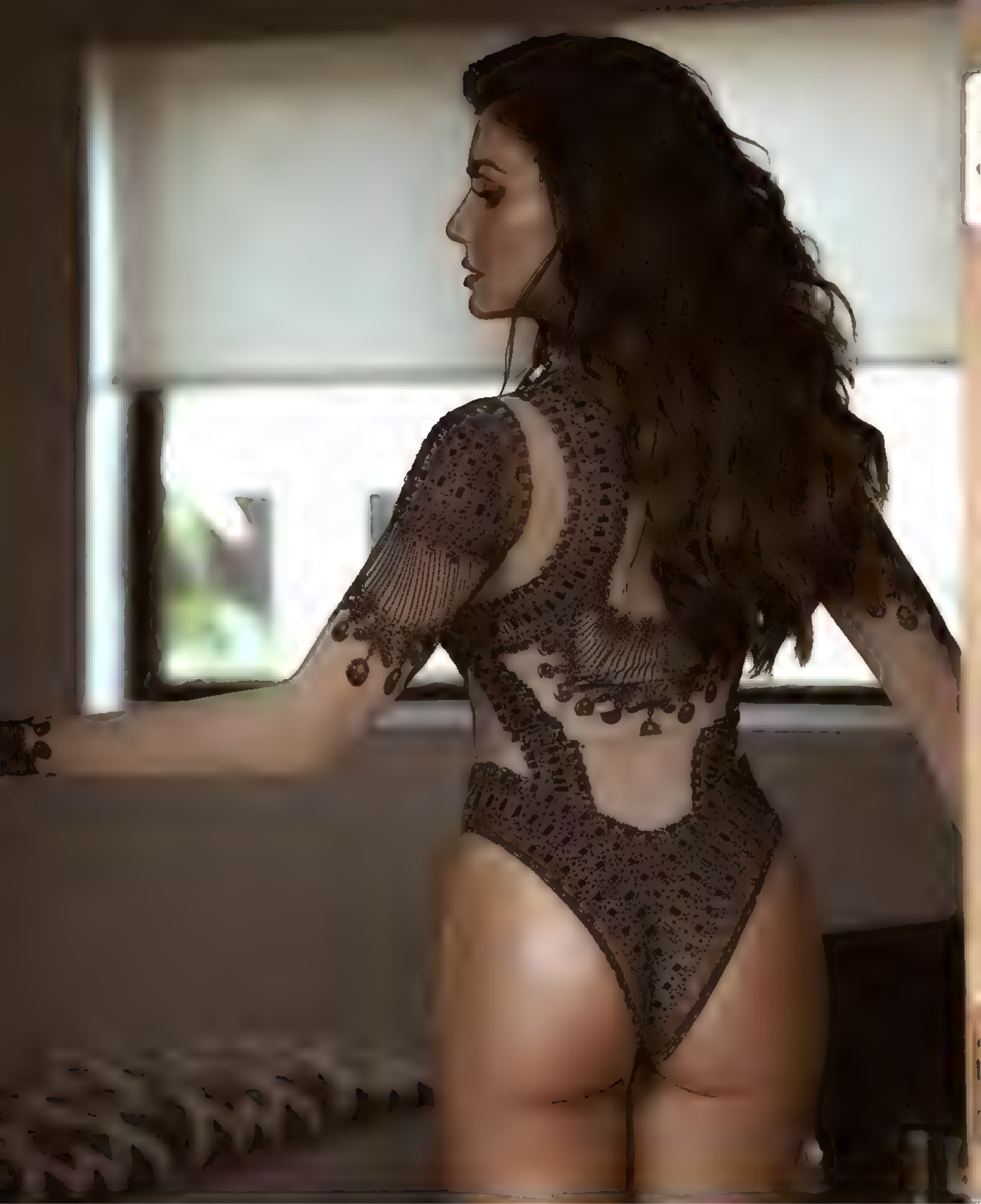




Amy Taylor

Photography by **DREAMSTATELIVE** PR Agency **SGGPUBLICRELATIONS**
Text by **NELLY MADUNA** Music **BEAUTYBYMICHELLEV**
Wardrobe Stylist **KELLY DOOLEY**







Describe yourself in three words

Brilliant, sexy, and funny

Were you excited to shoot for Playboy?

Of course! Playboy is the top magazine in this genre, in the entire world. It's a huge honour to be part of such an iconic publication.

What was it like starting out as a model?

There were no protections for young models, like there are now. So, I've seen the whole gamut of modelling

eating disorders, drugs, and peo-

had to endure it. However, I also got to be around fantastic and crea-

my degrees, travel and

beauty, as well as enjoy a life that's been made far more interesting by modelling. So, like other choices, it's been a mixed bag. It was harder when I was starting out, but I've become better and smarter over the years.

What would you consider to be your biggest challenge as a model so far?

Probably the lack of integrity in the modelling business. I'm a person of my word. I'm very organized and ethical. Sadly, there are tons of people in this industry who can't keep to a schedule, who violate or scam terms of agreement, who use this business to try to get sex from beautiful young women, and a host of other irritating behaviours. That sort of thing makes me furious and has remained the part of modelling that I'd really like to see improved.

Describe your perfect day off when you are not modelling

Spending some time exercising, enjoying great meals, getting plenty of sleep, and basking in good weather somewhere beautiful with the people I love and my phone is off.

Do you feel more like a city person or a country person?

City life, all day every day. I like to walk, not drive. I like a lot of entertainment, shopping, and dining options. And I need lots of social networking possibilities.

If you could live anywhere in the world, where would it be?

New York City. No question!

Do you have a secret talent?

I can make a 5-leaf clover with my tongue that's about it, and I suppose it isn't really a secret.

A guilty pleasure?

The very rare one-night stand with a guy with whom I'm utterly incompatible, but is just hot as hell and great in bed. Once in a while, it's great to be with someone who's stunning and not worry if it has the makings of a serious relationship. Women deserve real orgasms too, people!

Which song is absolutely certain to make you cry whenever you hear it?

"Happier" by Ed Sheeran.

What is your favourite word in any language and what does it mean?

Hygge, in Danish. It has no exact English translation; it's the act of cosily relaxing with loved ones, usually with food and drink. I think it's a lovely word to capture the thing that means the very most in this life.







20Q

Sofia Boutella

Born in Algeria, raised in France and honed to lethal sharpness on stadium stages, the actress, dancer and erstwhile lick of Tom Cruise's face takes on her edgiest project yet

Q1: *With Kingsman: The Secret Service, The Mummy and Atomic Blonde, you've earned a reputation for playing characters that are sexy and deadly in equal measure. Do you enjoy taking on seductive roles?*

BOUTELLA: I feel great about it. We all have sexuality. I recognize traits in myself and I use them for the characters. I wouldn't do penetrative sex; I think that would be a bit too much. But at the same time, other people have done it — like in the Gaspar Noé movie *Love*, they had real sex. If people want to explore having sex for real, I'm not judging it. I don't mind proximity or intimacy. Even licking Tom Cruise's face in *The Mummy* was fun. He kept saying to the makeup artist, "Make sure to clean my face. It's fake dirt and fake sweat, so make sure it's clean for Sofia!" It was so sweet. We laughed a lot during that scene.

Q2: *When Atomic Blonde came out last year, the media made a big deal about your sex scenes with Charlize Theron. Did that bother you?*

BOUTELLA: It was not annoying, but why is it such a big deal to see people having sex? You see people kill each other on-screen all the time. That's not a big deal, they're just movies.

People are giving Noé shit for having so much sex in his films. Why put so much energy into that? What's wrong with sex?

Q3: *Noé also sequenced what is probably cinema's longest and most brutal rape scene, in his 2002 film Irreversible. Now you're starring in his new film, Climax. Were you nervous about working with him?*

BOUTELLA: He didn't glorify rape. It's controversial, but he's still very talented. I love that movie. It's a hard watch, but you know what? It makes you feel something. I was nervous to work with him, but not because of that; I was terrified of not understanding the character I was playing. I studied him before *Climax*. I spoke with him about the recurring themes of violence, sex and drugs. He said that he's fascinated with people using drugs. In *Climax*, I play a choreographer, and we're spiked with large amounts of LSD. First of all, I was turned off because I did not want to dance; I hadn't done it in five years. And I've never done LSD.

Q4: *Was it exciting to research mind-altering drugs?*

BOUTELLA: Have you heard about Flakka? It's the worst fucking drug. According to the

nurses I talked to, it's more fatal than heroin. I watched these videos: This guy was high, killed someone and was eating the person's face. It was the scariest thing I'd ever seen. I did *Climax* without drinking or indulging in any substances at all. I didn't want to alter my state of mind. I could never try meth or anything, because I would love that shit.

Q5: *You've mentioned being hyperactive. Do you still struggle with ADHD?*

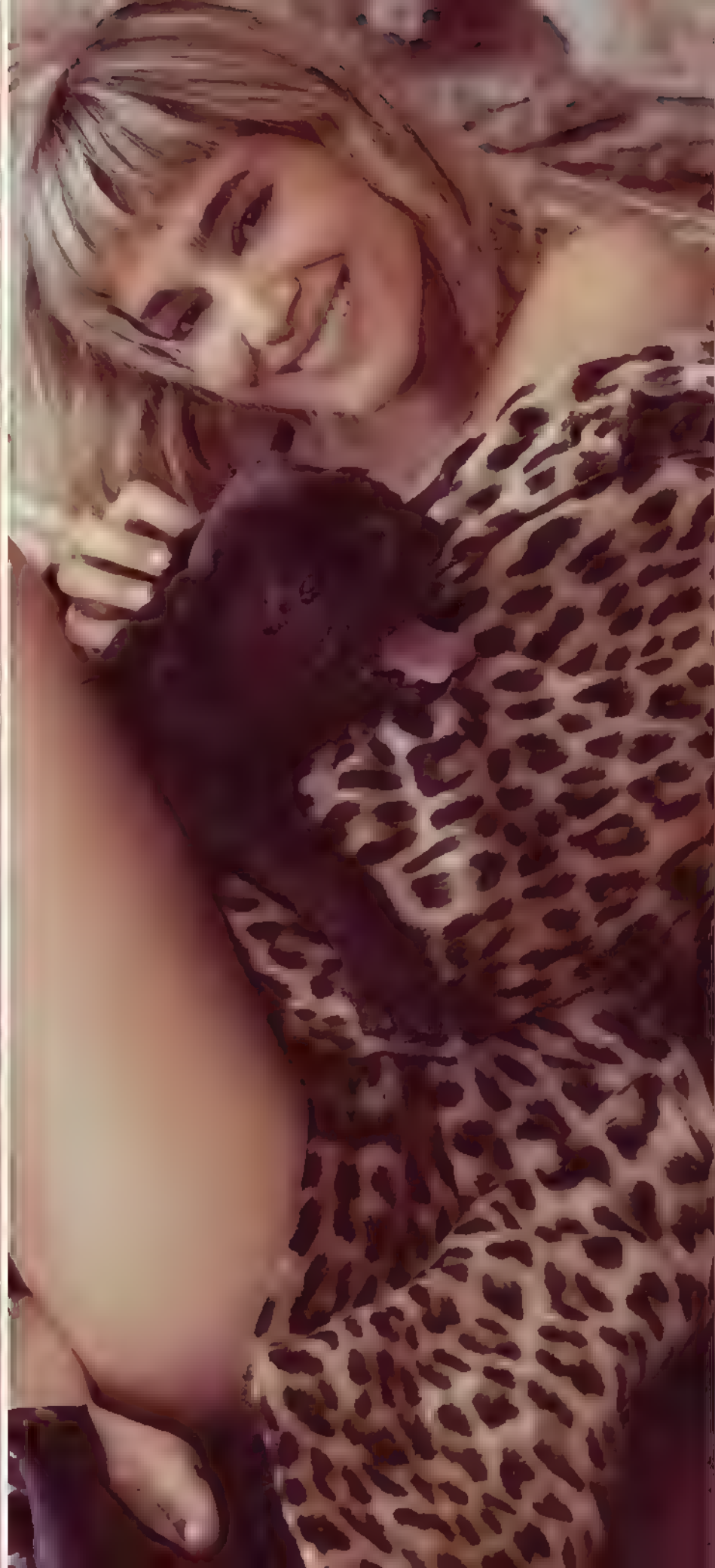
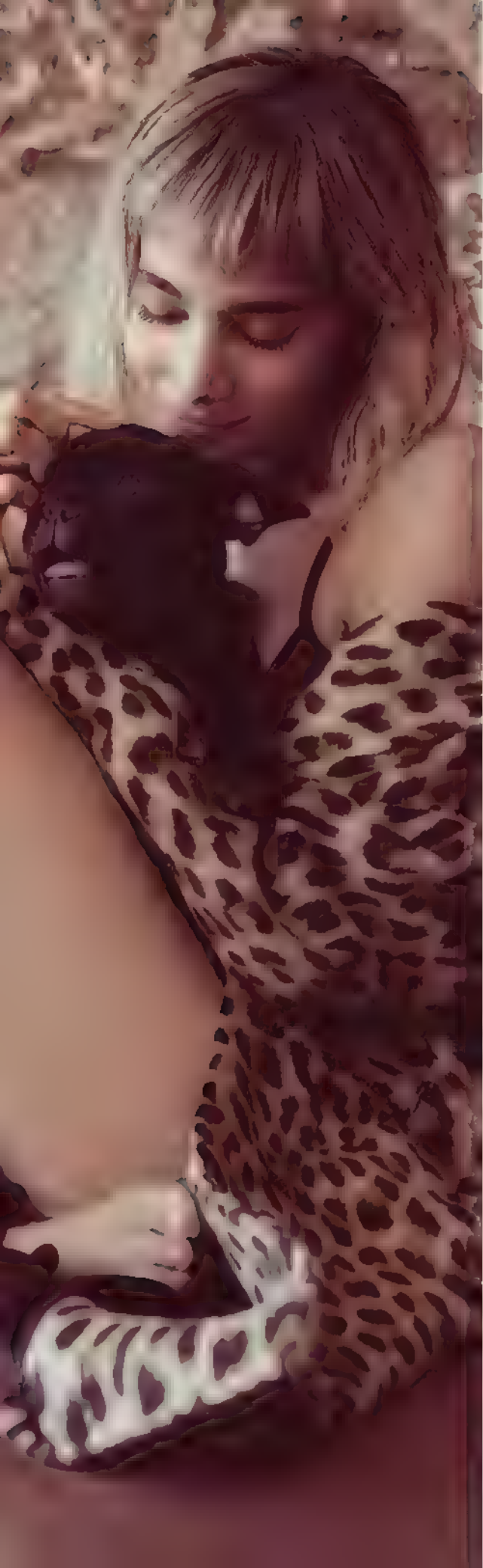
BOUTELLA: Yes, but I'm good at hiding it. I have trouble focusing. I think if I'd grown up here, I would have been diagnosed. When I was a kid, my grandmother would put all the porcelain vases away because I was a tornado. I was exhausting for everybody, even myself. My teachers always told my mom I wasn't paying attention. It was hard for me to listen to the same person talk for hours on end. I still catch myself thinking about something else. If I'm reading a book, which I love to do, it's really hard. I will back up and read a line, then read it again, even if it takes me longer. I always think, What's going on with me? But I have a lot of energy!

Q6: *Were you a troublemaker growing up?*

BY DANIELLE BACHER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PATRICK MAUS







I COULD
NEVER
TRY METH OR
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BECAUSE I
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BOUTELLA: I went through a phase. It was never anything dangerous. When I was a kid in Algeria, we were not poor, but I wore the same clothes all the time. I had a few outfits and one pair of shoes. When I moved to France, I realized I was not cool, and kids made fun of me for it. From 10 to 15 years old, I was picked on. They made fun of my lips because they were big. The kids would pucker their lips and make fun of how I spoke. It wasn't a great feeling. Then I went straight into dancing and the arts, that's what made me feel good. You can be valued because you're talented, and you're respected no matter what. I felt like I fit in there. It saved my life.

Q7: *Was your parents' divorce difficult for you?*

BOUTELLA: I was four years old when they split. My dad was already in France. I didn't see him much when I was young. It was tough not having him around, but he came back to Algeria to help us move. I came home from school one day and the house was empty. I had no idea. When it happened, there was a civil war going on in Algeria. There was no water running through the faucets, and we had a curfew of seven p.m. It was brutal. My dad is a composer and a public figure there. He was very opinionated, but if you voiced your opinions about the situation in Algeria, you would get killed. It was too dangerous for my mom and me to stay. It was also dangerous to leave, so we had to sneak out. But I wasn't scared, I was excited.

Q8: *You didn't drink alcohol until you were 28 years old. Why?*

BOUTELLA: Once, when I was 14, my mom was on a work trip and I was home alone. She



always made crepes with some sort of rum or hard liquor. I was curious, so I started drinking by myself. I drank to the point that I made myself sick and puked in the middle of the living room. I had to clean it all up. My mom never knew. On my first tour with Madonna, I never drank alcohol. Then on my second tour, I thought, I want to have fun and explore these things! I remember we went to Noble in New York, and I had a glass of champagne. The next day I was hungover.

Q9: *You toured with Madonna for 10 years. Did you ever have that moment when you thought, 'I'm dancing with one of the biggest artists in the world'?*

BOUTELLA: She's the best! I loved dancing together. I own a copy of the playboy issue with Madonna on the cover. I was at a record store in Algeria with my father when I was six years old, and I picked out Tina Turner, Madonna's *Like a Virgin* and Michael Jackson's *Bad*. I listened to Madonna on a red cassette player with a yellow microphone all the time. I destroyed the Michael Jackson tape from listening so much. I had no idea how big they were; it was just my jam. I remember asking my mom, "Why doesn't Madonna marry Michael Jackson? He's the best and she's the best."

Q10: *You were cast to be on Michael Jackson's *This Is It* tour but he passed away before you ever got to dance with him. Were you at least able to meet him?*

BOUTELLA: I want to cry now just thinking about it. I was on tour with Madonna, but we had a hiatus of five months. I was sent a personal invitation to audition for him, and I just knew I had to go. I did not think I was going to get picked; I'm not very good at auditioning. But I got a callback the next day. I was in my fourth round, and then Kenny Ortega, the choreographer, called my name. It immediately broke my heart, because I was like, 'I'm fucked.' I didn't want to let Madonna down. We decided I would work with Michael after her tour. I was driving down Sunset Boulevard when I got a surprise call from him. I pulled over and he said, "Hey, Sofia, I just want you to know that you're an amazing dancer. God blessed you, really, God blessed you, and I really want you in my show. We will make that work." It meant so much to me. Soon after, he passed away. It was so tragic.

Q11: *You spent two years jobless in Los Angeles before booking *Kingsman: The Secret Service*. How did you manage?*

BOUTELLA: I literally woke up one morning and I didn't want to dance anymore. I was terrified. I didn't care about being fancy; I just wanted to pay my rent. It's all I cared about.



Then my agent fired me and I cried so much. I was so broke my dad had to help me a few times. I started housekeeping and living off savings. It took me another year before I booked *Kingsman*. They loved my audition, and the next day, I woke up to a message saying to pack all my stuff: I was leaving for London that afternoon for a second audition. The director, Matthew Vaughn, read two scenes with me and said, "All right, I'm happy." I called my parents right away. They needed the news more than I did.

Q12: *Why was Tom Cruise a mentor to you on *The Mummy*?*

BOUTELLA: He taught me a lot on set. It's observing his dedication. His acting is what taught me the most. He would tell me at length about lenses and anamorphic format and all that sort of technical stuff. I thought, Oh my God, he knows all this shit, and I know nothing. He would never just sit in his chair and watch. He was always hands-on. He was also always early to set. If I were the director, I would love to work with people like him.

Q13: *You did a #TimesUp post on Instagram about wearing black to support women. What does the movement mean to you?*

BOUTELLA: It means a lot. I was proud to be part of the 5050x2020 movement at Cannes, where Cate Blanchett spoke about equality for women. Women need to be respected. Women are strong, valuable and important. Women matter. When I was younger, I was working on a commercial, and there was a producer who was seducing me. I was naive. I was told to go grab a bite with him. I thought the entire crew was coming, but then I was sitting there and seeing weird behavior from him. I had to face that. We need the movement in order to make a difference, and it needs to be strong. We need to voice it as loud as we can until everything is equal. I first heard about feminism when I was quite young. I didn't know what it meant or understand the importance of it. Now that I'm more educated, I know that you need to be a feminist. If you're not, go fuck yourself.

Q14: *Have you ever feared for your life?*

BOUTELLA: I had a stalker. We dated when I was 24, and he stalked me for two years after we broke up. Once, at two a.m., I was driving down the highway and he was following me. I was shaking. As I was trying to get away, my car spun uncontrollably. I hit a tree and the car ended up upside down. The moment I

opened my eyes, I took a breath, went straight to unbuckle the seatbelt and crawled out of the car. A woman grabbed me and started praying to Jesus. I was like, "What's going on?" I had a piece of glass in my eye. I was so shocked. See, again, this is men thinking they can do whatever the fuck they want with women. This guy would control my life with fear. Fuck that shit.

Q15: *Algeria recently expelled more than 13,000 migrants. It has been reported that people were left to travel across the Sahara, often at gunpoint, without money, food or water. Did that have a personal resonance for you?*

BOUTELLA: It's a tough one. My dad always goes back to do projects there and is working on a documentary now. He has revolted

of separating children from their families at the border. As an immigrant, what are your thoughts?

BOUTELLA: It's depressing and it's awful. I'm an immigrant coming from Algeria to France and then to America. I can't believe what's being done, and it's not okay. You know, I feel very weird. For a long time, I have felt bad that I got to live in France and then America. Every time something good happened to me, it would always be laced with guilt. It's why I can't be interviewed in Algeria. I can't sit across from someone and have such a strong opinion and not say it. That's why I try to be careful.

Q17: *Let's get back to your personal life. What does love mean to you?*

BOUTELLA: It's about sharing on a deep level. It's important when I feel it. I think we are all driven by that. That's why people do the craziest things ever. That's why people built the Taj Mahal — for a feeling. I don't search for it, I've always been baffled and surprised by it. It's interesting, because when I was growing up, I thought life is great. You meet people, you go on a journey, then you meet someone else. You change boyfriends. That's normal. When I was 28, I thought, I want something else. I want to value it. I love strongly.

Q18: *How do you identify sexually?*

BOUTELLA: I don't like labels. I love people. I have had more men in my life. I've never been in a relationship with a woman, but I wouldn't be surprised if I do. If I feel it, I'll be honest with it. Am I heterosexual? I guess. Who knows? I think I feel more attracted to men. I've kissed women. It was fun. I fall in love with people all the time, but I've never been in love with a woman. I'm sexual, and it shouldn't be taboo to talk about it.

Q19: *Are you single?*

BOUTELLA: I don't know.

Q20: *You're 36 now. What have you learned about yourself over the years?*

BOUTELLA: All sorts of things. I shape myself every day. I learned that I have courage. There isn't a day that I don't realize where I came from and what I get to do today. I've just been invited to be a member of the Academy, which is insane. I feel blessed with life. If I tried to do in Algeria what I'm doing now — if there wasn't a civil war and my mom wanted to stay — it would be really difficult for me to exercise my art. I feel very grateful.

WOMEN
MATTER. YOU
NEED TO BE
A FEMINIST.
IF YOU'RE
NOT, GO FUCK
YOURSELF.

against what's going on. It breaks my heart. I remember when I was a kid, people would always knock on my grandparents' door. They were from the south, and they would ask to do work in exchange for food and a place to sleep after a long journey. My grandmother would always say yes. Every time I came to visit, there would be a new person staying there. We got lucky and left under different circumstances. Imagine the people who are less fortunate. It's not normal to me, and something needs to be done.

Q16: *The U.S. Supreme Court upheld Trump's travel ban, even after the disgrace*



PLAYBOY PROFILE

The ADVERSARIAL JOURNALIST

Five years after he broke the Edward Snowden story, reporter Glenn Greenwald is speaking truth to power again — whether you want to hear it or not

Just before President Donald J. Trump met with Russian president Vladimir Putin in Helsinki in July, Glenn Greenwald flew to Moscow. The investigative journalist and former lawyer, in town to participate in a cybersecurity conference, was on his

BY JOHN MERONEY

own audacious mission to challenge the Trump-era tendency among politicians and mainstream media outlets to characterize anyone who engages with Russians — let alone visits the country — as suspicious, if not downright treacherous.

"The panel itself didn't generate controversy," says Greenwald, speaking from his adoptive home of Rio de Janeiro. (In this context at least, he projects unflappable calm whether he's talking about tennis or Trump.) "That started afterward, when I gave an interview to RT," Russia's 24-hour English-language news channel. Greenwald told RT that Americans on both sides of the political spectrum are obsessed with "viewing Russia not just as an adversary but as an actual enemy." He added: "There's actually talk a lot now about how what they regard as the interference in the 2016 election is similar to Pearl Harbor...or Al Qaeda and 9/11." Greenwald continued, "Despite all the claims that... Trump is a puppet of Russia, in many ways Obama was more cooperative with the

Russian government than Trump was."

On the same trip, Greenwald met with Edward Snowden, the former CIA analyst and NSA contractor who leaked top-secret documents exposing mass surveillance of U.S. citizens — and whose whistle-blowing Greenwald helped facilitate via *The Guardian*, launching both men onto the global stage. Greenwald posted multiple smiling selfies of the two on Instagram.

Soon after the RT interview, retired naval intelligence officer and MSNBC analyst Malcolm Nance suggested to his 420,000-plus Twitter followers that Greenwald was "an agent of Trump & Moscow" who "helped Snowden defect." Nance later added, "#KissPutinforUs."

"I've been attacked since I began writing about politics," Greenwald says, "but this is different."

Nance's assertions are "outright lies." When a serious fabrication is made by "somebody who's presented as part of a journalistic organization, that becomes grave," he says. Greenwald has thought of suing Nance, but, he says, "I don't want to be one of those people who go around using lawsuits to prevent or suppress criticism. On the other hand, there are limits on what you can say about people." (Nance did not return calls for comment.)

Greenwald got a preview of this kind of attention a few years ago when prominent

Democrats began to suggest that Trump was conspiring with Putin during the presidential campaign. Greenwald doubted this claim because, he says, there was no evidence. When Hillary Clinton began losing primaries to Senator Bernie Sanders, her operatives and allies used the same "smear tactic," as Greenwald calls it, to try to align Sanders with Russia. This approach also surfaced in TV news. "You honeymooned in the Soviet Union," said CNN's Anderson Cooper, addressing Sanders during the primaries.

Greenwald's position, summed up in his 2016 headline democrats' tactic of accusing critics of kremlin allegiance has long, ugly history in U.S., drew loud denunciations. Former Vermont governor Howard Dean, who ran for the Democratic presidential nomination in 2004, tweeted about the news site Greenwald co-founded. "Would be interesting to find out if the intercept gets money from Russia or Iran." Robert Shrum, Democratic campaign operative and chief strategist for John Kerry's failed 2004 campaign, tweeted, "You are a criminal agent of Putin conspiracy."

"Democrats were so disoriented, shocked and outraged by Trump's victory that they looked for culprits, for villains, that they could blame instead of themselves," says Greenwald. "I became one of those villains because I was doubtful of what became a religion for a lot of liberals."

ILLUSTRATION BY NIGEL BUCHANAN





Whether or not you agree with his views, it's hard to deny that, roughly five years after the peak of his Snowden coverage, Glenn Greenwald still knows how to confound our deepest assumptions about politics, the media and what it means to be American.

...

Raised in a suburb of Fort Lauderdale, the now 51-year-old Greenwald has been taking on hotbutton issues since Snowden was a teen. His track record is nothing if not wide-ranging, he is, after all, a gay man of Jewish descent who represented white supremacist Matthew Hale in a series of First Amendment cases. He also brought lawsuits alleging disability, race and age discrimination in cases against large corporate employers defended by major law firms. "I knew that I didn't want to be representing rich people," he said in a 2013 interview. "I wanted to be suing them."

Having launched his own firm at the age of 28, Greenwald abandoned law for journalism in the years following 9/11. His Snowden coverage won *The Guardian* a Pulitzer Prize, and he played a key role in Laura Poitras's Oscar-winning documentary *Citizenfour*. Director Oliver Stone recognized that story's dramatic potential and put together a Snowden biopic — a study in unintentional surrealism: "John Cusack is a friend of mine, and he asked Oliver if he could play me. Oliver said, 'Glenn has this unique combination of extreme femininity and extreme masculinity, and I don't think you can capture that. We need a gay actor.' That was more the by-product of some weird psychological issue in Oliver's head, as opposed to an accurate reflection of me," says Greenwald, laughing. "I thought he might cast Nathan Lane. Instead, he got Zachary Quinto — and he played me as an overwrought queen."

Greenwald prefers *Citizenfour*, which shows him reporting the Snowden story in real time along with Poitras and fellow reporter Ewen MacAskill. "I find that to be the more enduring record of what I did," he says.

Today, Greenwald is involved in another documentary — one whose outwardly apolitical milieu obscures the through line that connects all his endeavors. For starters,

he's producing this time, in collaboration with Reese Witherspoon's Hello Sunshine company. And this one is something of a labor of love. During the tennis craze of the late 1970s and early 1980s, while Greenwald's father cheered for the sun-kissed neighborhood champion Chris Evert, Greenwald found a hero in Martina Navratilova. She, not an exiled hacker, is at the center of his new project.

"She was just so deviant of the societal norms," he says. While Evert's tournament guests were her boyfriend and Catholic nuclear family, Navratilova's were "a bunch of dykes, her lover and her trans coach, Dr. Renée Richards, at a time when there was no vocabulary to even talk about these things," Greenwald says. "She made everybody uncomfortable."



From Russia with love: Snowden and Greenwald in Moscow earlier this year

Compare that with Greenwald's take on Billie Jean King, another tennis legend who has reappeared on the big screen, portrayed by Emma Stone in last year's *Battle of the Sexes*. "King was very self-consciously a political pioneer who regarded herself as a leading feminist cause. But she didn't come out voluntarily; she was dragged out of the closet in a cloud of scandal and shame. And when she got outed, she just said she was bisexual. She was kind of apologetic about what happened and made it seem like a phase. There was nothing affirming about it."

Apparently King lands somewhere near

President Obama on Greenwald's ever-growing list of left-leaning sacred cows.

...

After his Snowden stonks, Greenwald was looking for a unique platform to continue what he calls "adversarial journalism." The idea attracted the attention and funding of billionaire eBay founder Pierre Omidyar, and out of that partnership came *The Intercept*. Omidyar has no active editorial role, and the site's nonprofit backing means it doesn't rely on clicks or advertising. Greenwald is free to focus full force on afflicting the comfortable — an ethos he finds lacking in the national press.

"Journalists didn't used to go to cocktail parties and send their kids to the same private schools as oligarchs and generals," he says. "They were just schlubby, middle-class or lower-middle-class people who said, 'Let's poke these powerful people in the side.' Then, with the proliferation of television, journalism became owned by the biggest corporations, and media outlets became divisions of huge conglomerates. Instead of being outsiders, journalists are very much a part of the elite culture and don't want to do anything to disturb it. That's changed how journalists think about state security agencies."

Being this kind of contrarian is a quintessentially American choice. Ironically, it's a choice Greenwald might not have made if he hadn't relocated to Rio.

"I was kind of forced to live in Brazil," he says. His Brazilian husband, David Miranda, couldn't get a

visa in large part because the U.S. wouldn't recognize their marriage. "We've built a life here now," Greenwald says. Miranda is on the ballot for Brazil's Congress this October, and they've adopted two children. Besides, Greenwald is in no hurry to re-enter the American media bubble.

"Its assumptions, belief systems and mentality would shape the way I see the world," he says. "The distance I have from the East Coast media and political culture — and the fact that I'm not in any way dependent on it — gives me the mental space to think more critically about it."

**GADFLY**

A selection of Glenn Greenwald's characteristic y contrarian quotes

"JOURNALISTS DID N'T USED TO SEND THEIR KIDS TO THE SAME PRIVATE SCHOOLS AS OLIGARCHS AND GENERALS."

I don't rely on them for anything." That distance may account for Greenwald's take on Robert Mueller, James Comey and other recently minted stars of the U.S. intelligence firmament. "It's always true that in a time of war, people unite behind the government, especially military intelligence authorities," he says. But the post-9/11 years have eroded our skepticism of all things militaristic and nationalistic. "Remember, we've been at war for 17 years—bombing multiple countries, constantly being warned of great national security threats." With Watergate, reporters and the commentariat became dubious of our intelligence agencies. "The old CIA tradition" of openly lying, as former top spy Tom Braden once explained it to me, became obvious in the wake of congressional investigations and hearings in the 1970s. Today, those agencies are granted scant status in the press. Intelligence veterans and loyalists are a news staple: In addition to Nance, MSNBC employed former CIA director John Brennan, and CBS hired former CIA acting director Michael Morell as an on-air contributor in 2014.

"I think one of the untold stories of the 2016 election is the extent to which the CIA intervened," Greenwald says. "CIA directors from both Republican and Democratic administrations wrote op-eds in *The Washington Post* and *The New York Times* accusing Trump of being a Russian asset controlled by Putin, and they endorsed Hillary Clinton. The CIA has been opposed to Trump from the start."

With Greenwald's distance comes a sobering view of what happened after that election. "In a lot of ways, Trump's primary opposition has become these security state agencies, so anybody who hates Trump, as the Democrats do, and wants to see him gone

at any cost, has aligned themselves with the military and intelligence community," he says.

Views like these don't play well at MSNBC, where Greenwald used to be a frequent guest. "I'm never invited anymore," he says. "My suspicion is that I'm banned."

I asked Tucker Carlson, the Fox News commentator who often uses Greenwald as a source for his show, for his take. "I doubt Glenn's core views have changed much in the past 10 years," he says. "The world has changed around him. He's still an absolutist on civil liberties." What does Carlson think about Nance and others accusing Greenwald of being an agent of Trump and Moscow? "Glenn's commitment to principle embarrasses them, so they try to silence his voice by baselessly accusing him of loyalty to a foreign power. It's completely disgusting."

What, then, does Greenwald think of the current case against Russia or the country's shaky human-rights record? He's "willing to accept that there was Russian meddling." Regarding its leadership, "I don't argue that Putin's government is freedom-loving, has a propensity to tell the truth or anything like that." But he adds that even if you believe all the evidence, Russia's chicanery is not much different from "what the United States and Russia have been doing to other countries, and to one another, for many decades. Having countries interfere with one another's domestic affairs is something that's been going on for a long time—and it's still going on."

General Michael Hayden may call him more "activist than journalist," but then nothing about Greenwald has ever been neutral. Like his hero of the tennis court, he sees the power that lies in making us uncomfortable. With Trump dominating the headlines, a little discomfort amid the outrage might do us good.

"A lot of liberals thought my exposing the U.S. government's mass surveillance reflected poorly on President Obama. I'm criticized a lot more by prominent liberal figures than I used to be—but politics is a zero-sum game, so I have new fans who are Fox News viewers."

...

"If you're a Democrat, it's difficult to explain how your party and the person you chose to nominate could lose to a game show host, a buffoon who was by far the most unpopular nominee in modern American presidential politics—other than the person the Democrats chose to nominate, who was just as unpopular."

...

"Imagine going back to 2004 and telling liberals that 12 years from now their icon of justice, democracy and truth was going to be George W. Bush's FBI director Robert Mueller oversaw the roundup of Muslim Americans in the wake of 9/11 and an incredibly bungled investigation of the anthrax attacks; he identified a completely wrong suspect who was publicly accused. Mueller's personal history is filled with error and deceit, and now we're being ordered to treat him as an unquestionable oracle of truth."

...

"MSNBC gets segment-by-segment ratings. If they do a segment that's at all critical of the Democratic Party, you can watch viewership plummet because MSNBC viewers want to feel angry at Trump or vindicated in their world view. This creates a punishment scheme for every time you step off the path that has been laid out for you. It's very powerful."

...

"I wouldn't call the Mueller investigation a witch hunt. From the beginning there's been enough serious questions raised that merited an investigation. But like most of these Washington special-counsel investigations, it's gone far off into all kinds of other areas. There have been prosecutions, indictments and guilty pleas that have nothing to do with the original allegations that led to Mueller's appointment."

...

"If you are privileged to have some influence the best way you can spend it is by being adversarial to powerful factions, because those are the ones people are most afraid to oppose."





Ylenia

Hernandez

Photography by **LADY E PHOTOGRAPHY** *feat by* **NELLY MADUNA**







Tell us something surprising about you?

I'm very unpredictable. I'm very outgoing and I'm not afraid to try new experiences.

Were you excited to shoot for Playboy?

I was super excited. I've dreamed of this opportunity since I started my career. Playboy is a big platform for me, and I believe that it will take me further in my career and expose me to a much bigger challenge that I am eager to conquer.

What inspires you?

My biggest inspiration is my Grandmother "Nina." She is the reason behind my career and what keeps me going harder and harder.

Why did you choose to pursue a career in modelling?

It's bigger than just a dream to me. I chose this career because it puts me in my comfort zone. When I'm modelling, I get excited and super comfortable. I'd say it's one thing I believe I could excel in.

Who do you look up to in the modelling industry?

I look up to Tyra Banks. Her path and mine are a bit similar. She's achieved goals she was told were impossible and would never reach.

What are some of your hobbies?

I love to play dress up. It enhances my designer ability. My main hobby is designing clothes.

Name three things on your bucket list?

My own clothing line, making love in a roller coaster, and travel the whole world.

Turn-ons

Fashion is one of my biggest turn-ons. Someone's smell, or breath could also be another turn-on to me depends on who.

Turn-offs

Negativity. I'd say is my biggest turn-off. I stand for I can and I will.

Describe to us your perfect date

I had a perfect date before. It was great company and I enjoyed every bit of it. I was in my comfort zone. Having the right pleasure and a relaxed mind at the same time was what meant everything to me overall.

Which world capital would you most like to visit, and why?

I'd really love to visit Dubai. I've seen very amazing stuff about it. It's very editorial and I'd love to do both business and pleasure there.

What is your mantra?

My mantra most of the time is the ocean breeze and fresh air.











1,111 EMBLEMS

Indebted for life to pay for death

FICTION BY **HERNAN DIAZ**

ILLUSTRATION BY **GREEDY HEN**

"I know Mom's out hunting," she said to break the long silence. "I'll leave before she comes back."

He held on to the door handle. The droning voice on the radio seeped out from the house and into the forest. He hadn't seen his daughter in over two years. What should he say? Could he touch her? He moved to let her through. Their heads hung low. She walked sideways as she passed by her father, who closed the door behind her.

He turned off the radio and, faced with the ensuing silence, repressed the desire to turn it back on. An ill-chosen word, a misconstrued gesture, a poorly timed pause, and she could turn around and leave again. A log crumbled in the hearth, the fire hissed. He sat down and gestured to her chair. It was still her chair.

They sat in silence.

Because he didn't dare to look at her openly, he got up to get some food so he could glance

in her direction as he moved around. She was the same, only thinner and harder. There was something strange about her mouth — her left cheek was unnaturally concave, as if she were missing a few teeth on that side. He knew that she knew that she was being observed. He rinsed some radishes in a pail with cloudy water and put them on a tin plate together with a few nuts.

"You're so thin," he said as he put the plate in front of her.

"Closer to the essence," she replied, looking at the plate and then closing her eyes.

It was this kind of talk that had driven them apart. He didn't respond and didn't expect her to touch the food. But to his surprise, after whispering with her eyes shut for a moment, she picked up a radish. She stared at it for a long time and bit a piece off. From how she moved the morsel in her mouth, he confirmed that she was missing at least a couple of molars.



"I'm sorry," he said. And he was. Sorry for her and for her missing teeth. For his wife and for himself. But he hoped his daughter would take this as an apology as well. Before she left them, he had lost all patience with her. Snapped and yelled at her. Even mocked and derided her. That was what he regretted the most: his jeering. Still, he also had to admit to himself that he had said sorry just now because it was the only safe thing to say.

She swallowed the bite of radish almost whole. "Your feelings are yours," she said. "They have to become not you to touch the world."

Always an answer ready, as if someone were transmitting the words through her. That's how their fights had started: Those blocks of meaning made him furious. They were, for the most part, impenetrable and hard but could also be intangible and pervasive, like a gas invisibly filling a container and taking its shape. Many of these ready-made phrases (that's how they sounded to him) were platitudes; others were nonsense, a few were truly insightful, which he never admitted to her.

"We've missed you so much," he said. "Your mother has been."

"I know," she said over him. "That's why I came while she's away. I trust you will let me go without making a scene."

His wife had never stopped fighting for their daughter. When she understood that she was losing her child, she tried to change - become more like her. She read everything her daughter read, tried to engage her in conversation and went to some Gatherings with her. And whenever he went on one of his scornful tirades, she always stood up for her girl.

"One is where one is," she said at length. "But I can't be here. I've put others at risk by coming."

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"Our perception of things."

"I mean, are you all right?"

"Look at me."

He was ashamed to have asked.

"What you see is how I am to you,"

she added. "Ask yourself if your perception is all right."

"I can. We can help you."

"Help is only an interference. Help is only a delay."

The oppressive feeling of being forced into that language came back. She imposed that dialect on him, throttled him with it and took everything he said and translated it into her jargon. It had all started with a few pamphlets and books she read. As she began attending the Gatherings and spending more time with the Coach and the Bond, this new language had taken over her speech almost

completely. Then she left for the first time. Nine days of despair. He and his wife knew she had left with the Bond, of course, but they didn't know where they had gone or for how long. When she came back, nothing of her own voice remained. It was only this language. These blocks, this vapor. At first, he tried to pull her back, responding with kind words - everyday words - to her terrifyingly distant slogans. Eventually, his patience wore off, and he started arguing with her. His wife tried to be understanding and even tended to side with their daughter, who was invariably indifferent to her support. Frustration yielded to rage, and he went on long rants, trying to reduce his daughter's beliefs to mere superstitious gibberish. He was not angry at her but at the puppeteer whose voice he heard in her stiff utterings. She kept calm and won every fight by not fighting back. His arguments crashed against the irrefutable blocks or got lost in a mist that was vague and esoteric enough to fit any context. That's when he started to mock her,

ridiculing her ideas and scoffing at her jargon. He even used to caricature her intonation and gestures. Overcome with remorse after his one-sided quarrels with her, he would tell himself that it was not his daughter he had mocked but the ventriloquist behind her. In the end, after she left for the second time, he was disgusted to realize that it was in fact his daughter whom he had been ridiculing all along.

"I'm. I would do anything," he managed to say.

"Would is a closed door to a parallel universe. You are never the subject of a conditional."

"Anything," he said, interrupting her and immediately regretting it. "Anything at all to have you back with us. We could. I could start going to the Gatherings with you. Maybe you could teach me."

"We go to the Gatherings to scatter, not to gather."

"I have so much to learn," he said, watching for the slightest trace of condescension in his

She kept calm and won every fight by not fighting back.



voice. "Maybe you could introduce me to the Bond? Show me?"

She looked up and into his eyes. He didn't allow himself to cry.

"We may not see each other again," she said. For the first time in years, it sounded like her. "I won't let that happen."

The generator started to rumble in the distance, making the walls tremble. It picked up speed with each cycle, and when the roar became a high-pitch purr, the house stopped vibrating.

"They turn it on during the daytime?" she asked.

He tried to hide his surprise. She hadn't shown any interest in everyday matters in a long time.

"Yes. Things are better here now." It was probably impossible to convince her to come back, but he tried. "We get four units a week, can you believe it?"

"I came to say good-bye."

"Please don't say."

"I have this debt. A huge debt," she said, seeming almost pleased.

"I With whom?"

"With them."

"With them?"

"With the Bond. With the Coach. It will take my entire life to pay it off."

His blood thinned.

"No, no, no. Listen." His skin tingled with despair. "I've been saving most of our units. How many do you need?"

"Thousands of units wouldn't help."

"I can borrow. I can borrow from the system. And from our neighbors. How much?"

She looked at the half-eaten radish.

"We have that hidden gold, remember?" he said with a smile that felt like a grotesque grimace. "From Grandma?"

She put the radish down and gazed at the plate, shaking her head.

"We'll sell the house," he said. "Houses sell in a second, you know that. We can build a shelter inland. You won't believe what a good hunter Mom has become. We'll manage."

"My debt can't be paid back in units."

He stared at her, feeling death in his chest.

She looked up and faced him.

"What kind of debt is this that units can't cover?"

"I owe the Coach. I owe him directly. And he's not interested in units."

"Oh love." He faltered.

"Oh no. Nothing of the sort," she said, waving her hand. "The Coach has started a new currency. The Emblem."

"What do you mean?"

"The Coach has started a new currency. The Emblem."

"And what's the exchange rate?" His rage was mounting. Had he managed to suppress every hint of sarcasm? "How many units to the

Emblem? There must be a way to settle this."

"Units mean nothing to the Coach. He now emits Emblems. It's the only legal tender at the Gatherings. You can't buy Emblems with units. You can only earn Emblems by selling your labor or your things. No exchange."

He took a few moments to think.

"Good," he said at last. "Good. So it's play money. Means nothing. You don't really owe him anything."

"But I do. In fact, few members owe him as much as I do."

"You seem proud of this."

"We all try to acquire as much debt as possible. It shows our commitment."

He looked at her. She focused on some point above his head.

"But what did he give you? How did you get into this debt?"

"It started about a year ago. First we had to pay for our food with Emblems."

"You bought food from the Coach with the currency he emitted and lent to you?"

She ignored his false question. It was for the best. He feared he wouldn't be able to restrain his indignation much longer.

"Food, lodging, clothes, the use of the generator. All paid for in Emblems."

She picked up a nut and repeated the ceremony she had performed with the radish: closed her eyes, whispered, opened her eyes, stared at it for a long time and finally took a small bite. Again, she found it hard to chew.

He got up, looking for something soft for her to eat. There was only some smoked fish, which he cut into small pieces and put on her plate. Dicing the food and transferring it from one plate to the other, he remembered feeding his daughter as a toddler.

"Then the Coach had one of his realizations," she continued. "A transcendental realization. A transcendental realization means bringing something that is beyond reality into the real. His TR was that the Bond would take over the world. The world would be the Bonded."

"Please have some fish," he said, exhausted in advance by the effort of trying to pull her out of the maze that she was starting to create with her exposition. Once more, by asking her to eat her food, he felt, faintly, like her father.

"Units are not really a currency," she said, ignoring him. "They serve a purpose. They make all our devices and vehicles run. But money bills and coins never stored energy or did anything. Money was a token, with no practical use in itself. This is what the Coach is bringing back. The symbol. A symbol that will unite us. Bond us. The Emblem will be the realization of the Bond in the world." "You realize that resurrecting money any form of currency is a step back, right? If anything good came from the war, it was the collapse of the financial." "There is a void," she said,

showing the slightest irritation in the way in which she closed her eyes for a moment while speaking over her father. "The void created by the absence of value. We live in a world limited to our hand's reach. A world where everything is immediate and present. We have forgotten that our power of abstraction is what makes us human, which means we have lost our sense of value. Because the greatest values are always abstract. Abstraction and value go hand in hand." She paused and shifted her tone, apparently regretting having condescended to engage in an open discussion with her father. "In order to spread the Emblem, the Coach needed to make its use compulsive and compulsory."

"I see where this is going."

"He realized that it was shortsighted to limit the use of the new currency to the usual goods and services bought and sold in the marketplace for millennia — food, fuel, shelter, safety and so on. No. The Emblem would go beyond that. It would go beyond the articles that support life. The Emblem would be intertwined with life itself."

He stared at her, disoriented.

"Sleep. One Emblem per hour. That was the first biological function the Coach put a price on."

"What?"

"Then the Coach announced that eating would cost two Emblems. That wasn't the price of the food. The food was separate. Two Emblems was the price for the act of eating."

"I don't understand," he said. But he did.

"I owe him two Emblems for having this food here."

"Just because he says so," he chortled. "Just because the 'Coach' says so." He put air quotes around the word. "That's the only reason you could possibly be in debt for eating a radish."

"Half an Emblem for excretions. Drinking, a quarter. Reproduction is free. As is breathing. Sickness is expensive — the cost depends on the illness. Any form of bleeding, five. The list goes on. Dying is 1,111 Emblems. It's the first thing we pay for. Until that amount has been fully covered, everything is debt. It takes a minimum of 10 or 12 Emblems to live one day, so by the time we've paid off death, we owe a few thousand for our living expenses."

"This is absurd," he said, knowing that his indignation had taken over and that he had lost again. "Who keeps the tally?" He chuckled. "Who keeps count? I mean."

"Who would want to cheat?" she said and coughed hollowly into her fist.

"How much was that?" he asked with a sneer.

Before she could even breathe in, she started coughing again. A rusty roar. Barely able to inhale, her hands clenching the edge of the table, she looked around in despair and gasped but could only cough out, in short spurts, the air she didn't have. Swollen veins and tight tendons



seemed to be about to burst under the reddened skin of her neck. The chair screeched under her when she kicked away from the table, as if she were drowning.

"Whoa, wait! Are you sure you can afford to cough like this?"

Her eyes bulged out and teared up, and she trembled from the exertion. Once she managed to breathe in, wheezing, she seemed to choke, until she finally exhaled in a dry hoarse bark.

"Every Emblem counts," he added with a condescending hit.

When the fit subsided, she wiped the sweat from her forehead and looked at him, briefly, with unfocused coldness.

The generator slowed down and the purr became a low vibration. The house rattled. The small pieces of fish danced wildly on the tin plate. With a whistle, the generator came to a stop. It took the forest sounds a while to find their way back through the silence.

"Little by little, the use of Emblems is

value from interconnected"

"Emblems are backed up by our lives. It is the sum of our debts—of our abstracted bodies—that makes the Emblem valuable. Human existences Bonded together."

"Just because he says so," he repeated.

"Because we say so. Because we all say so. That is precisely what the Emblem stands for."

He thought he detected a touch of impatience in her tone. Thus gave him hope. Anything that was genuinely hers gave him hope.

"I have now reached a point where I can't possibly pay back what I owe in my lifetime," she continued, without a hint of emotion in her voice. "I am Beyond, as the Coach explains. Those of us who are Beyond will be relocated. Banked."

"You are not leaving this house."

"Be reasonable," she said. And now he definitely recognized, for a moment, her voice as her own. "You can't hold me here forever. I'll leave sooner or later. And what would be

Somehow, she dissolved between his arms and slipped out of the embrace. Without turning back, she walked to the door, opened it, stepped outside and closed it with her arm outstretched behind her. From inside, he looked at the handle being released, slowly, until it reached its resting horizontal position. That spectral movement, he thought, would probably be the last he ever saw of his daughter.

...

He woke up with a startle, relieved to see he had slept only a few minutes. After his daughter had left, he had sat at the table, rested his head on his arms and wept. He didn't remember dozing off.

The radish with grooves made by his daughter's incisors had started to shrivel. He picked it up and looked at the marks. She had left another ghostly trace behind her, after all. He thought of the way she had looked at the radish before biting a piece off, and then he ate it.

The beasts snorted like they always did uphill. His wife was getting closer. He cleaned

"The greatest values are abstract."

spreading beyond the Bond." She was still winded, clearly focusing on regaining control of her breathing as she spoke. "Some outsiders have started to accept Emblems, knowing they can always use them with us. In fact, they are glad to save their units and pay us with Emblems for the work we occasionally do for them. The Coach says this is the first step." She paused, inhaled and started breathing normally again. "It's only a matter of time until the Emblem becomes the general currency. And then the Bond will be effective. Then we will all be Bonded together."

"There is nothing in what you are telling me that makes this Emblem of yours actually valuable, Units, as you said, have a practical use. And the dollar and all those other currencies first were backed up by gold and later derived their

worse for Mom? To never know I was here or to have me for a few days and then lose me again forever?"

She got up

"And if you tell her about this conversation, you know she'll leave everything to come and join me. Even if I'm Beyond, deposited in an unknown place."

He got up and embraced her. She hugged him back limply. He was surprised and overwhelmed, but also (despite the immense love he felt for her right then) angry at her gesture of reciprocity. Part of him wished she hadn't hugged him back, so that he could have preserved his rage intact.

"Please," he whispered.

"Nobody can please." It was the distant voice transmitting through her again.

up the food, put the tin plate away and pushed his and his daughter's chairs back into place. Now he could hear the wagon creaking. He turned the radio back on. His wife talked to the beasts as she tethered them out front. He opened the door.

"Hi, love," she said. She was sweaty and grumpy but beaming. "I got a huge one. Maybe the biggest ever. You won't believe it."

She uncovered the wagon and showed him the mangled, blood-spattered body.

"We should get at least 12 units for this, even after saving the best parts for ourselves." He stared at it.

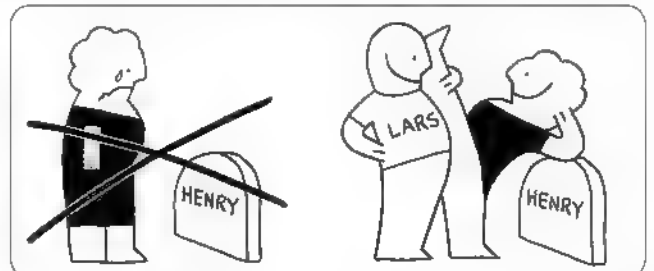
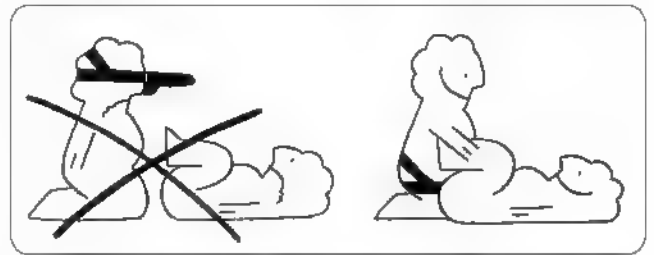
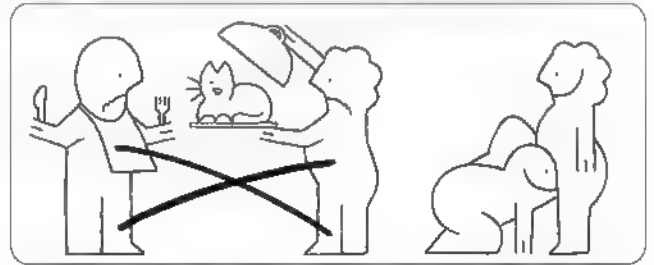
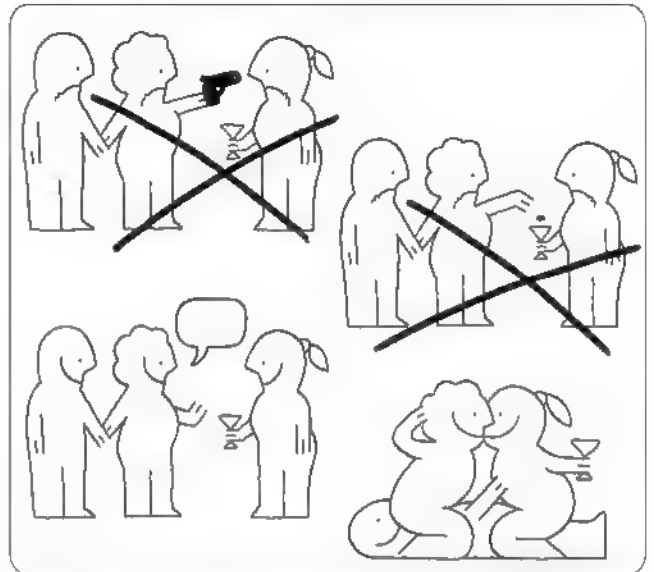
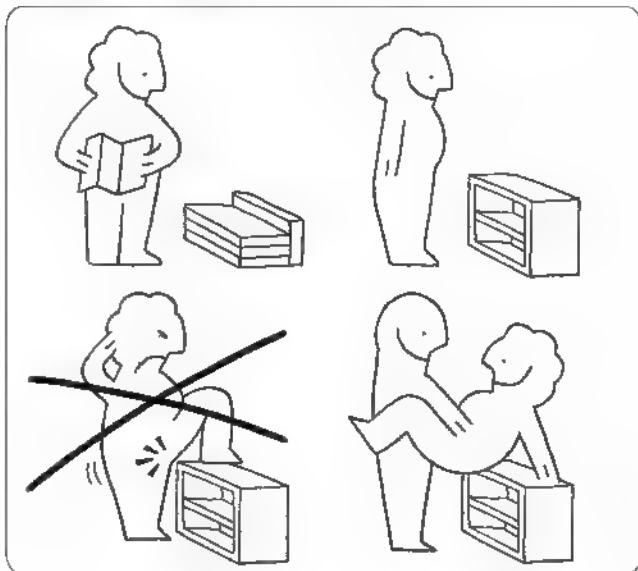
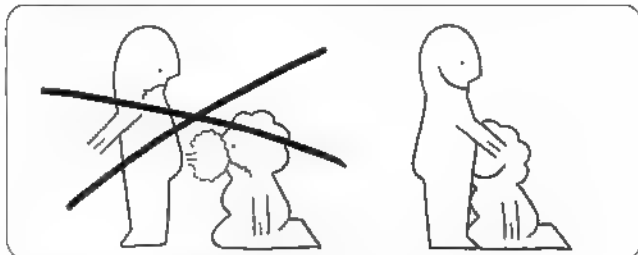
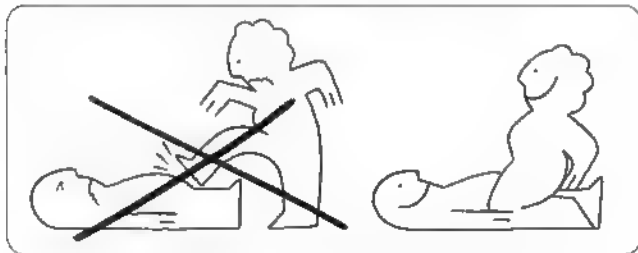
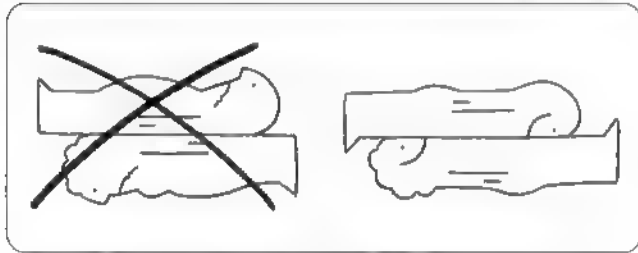
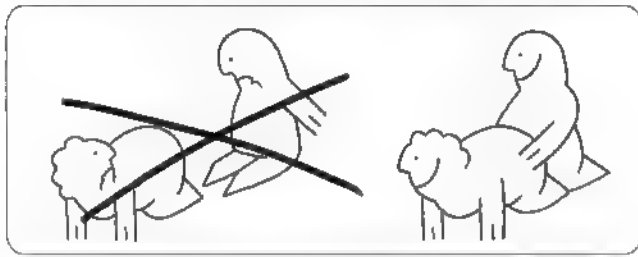
"Come on, give me a hand," she said.

He walked over to the wagon and set to work with his wife. ■

we'd better play it safe



IKEA KÅMÅ SÜTRÅ





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LIZZIELEE

Interview by **GARY MILLER** *HMU by* **ROCKWELLBEAUTY**
Test by **NELLY MADUNA**







Tell us something surprising about you?

I have been modeling since age 15 and started out in bridal runway

Were you excited to shoot for Playboy?

Of course!! It has always been a dream of mine. This has been a great year for me, career wise

What inspires you?

I am inspired by smart people, people who have turned their hobbies into their careers, entrepreneurs, and anyone who has a positive attitude about life and getting the most out of it!

Why did you choose to pursue a career in modeling?

It has been a dream of mine since I was a little girl, looking through my mother's Vogue magazines.

Who do you look up to in the modeling industry?

One model I really look up to is Adriana Lima, who unlike most, has taken her career to extreme heights and is still kicking ass. Most young models get sucked in and spit out pretty quickly, so anyone who has lasted more than 5 years on the top is incredibly inspirational to me

What are some of your hobbies?

I absolutely love cooking, making up my own recipes from scratch, hiking, and riding my beach cruiser

Name three things on your bucket list?

Start my own business, travel to all of the places in the world I haven't been to yet and see the Northern Lights

Turn-ons

Gentlemen, manly men, tall men and facial hair

Turn-offs

Attitude, cockiness, fakeness, skinny jeans, and men who show off or brag

Describe to us your perfect date

I'm a sucker for a good old-fashioned steak dinner and good conversation. Opening the door for me, bringing me flowers, and pulling out my chair for me doesn't hurt either

Which world capital would you most like to visit, and why?

I've been to quite a few already, but next up I would like to go to Rome, Italy

What is your mantra?

Attract what you expect, reflect what you desire, become what you respect, mirror what you admire











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HERITAGE





HERITAGE

In 1963, B-movie producer David F. Friedman visited the Playboy Club in Miami, looking for a beautiful woman with a big mouth. Friedman and his partner, director Herschell Gordon Lewis, had decided to get out of the crowded nude-

BY **STEVE PALOPOLI**

films market and create something new: the world's first gore film. For a small but memorable role in the project, *Blood Feast*, they needed an actress with a kisser large enough to facilitate a low-budget special effect: a sheep's tongue that would be ripped out by their movie's maniac in a scene that, despite its extreme camp factor, would go on to scandalize audiences.

That night at the club, Friedman did find an orally endowed actress in the form of Playboy Bunny Astrid Olson. He met someone else too: Connie Mason, who was set to be Playboy's June 1963 Playmate.

Olson took the mouthy part, Mason signed on to star in *Blood Feast* and in Friedman and Lewis's follow-up—the 1964 Southern splatter-fest *Two Thousand Maniacs!*—and for the first time ever a horror movie was marketed to audiences using an actress's Playmate status as enticement. Under blood-drip lettering and a lurid illustration, the *Blood Feast* poster showed Mason with the come-on “You read about her in PLAYBOY!” The promo for *Two Thousand Maniacs!* tagline, “Gruesomely Stained in Blood Color!”—promised “Connie Mason, PLAYBOY's Favorite Playmate.”

Audiences went for it, turning *Blood Feast* into a smash hit that earned

\$4 million against its tiny \$24,500 budget. Mason maintained a sense of humor about the gig. “It's all about sacrificing beautiful young virgins to Egyptian deities. You know, a typical, everyday kind of story,” she said in the article accompanying her Playmate pictorial “I'm rather proud of the fact that at the end of the show I'm still healthy, while every other girl is either dead or horribly mutilated.”

...

Although it was a milestone in modern horror-movie history, *Blood Feast* was not the first fright film to feature a Playmate. Centerfolds Mara Corday (October 1958), Marilyn Hanold (June 1959) and Yvette Vickers (July 1959) had blazed that trail in the 1950s and early 1960s in sci-fi-tinged B-thrillers including *Tarantula!*, *The Black Scorpion*, *The Giant Claw*, *Attack of the 50-Foot Woman* and *The Brain That Wouldn't Die*. Unlike later Playmates, who tended to establish themselves as models before breaking into acting, Corday and Vickers actually made most of their movies before appearing in the magazine.

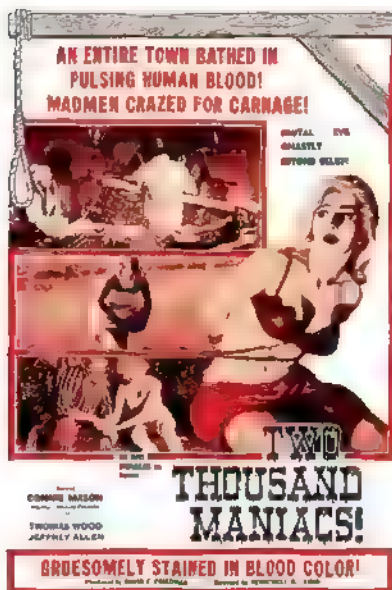
Playmate Joan Staley, on the other hand, seemed to step out of her November 1958 Centerfold and directly into a successful acting career. She was also the first Playmate to leave her mark on the psychological thriller genre,

playing the bowling alley waitress menaced by Robert Mitchum in 1962's much-lauded *Cape Fear*.

Perhaps the most critically acclaimed horror movie to feature a Playmate is 1968's *Rosemary's Baby*. Victoria Vetri's part is small, but it may be the cleverest use of a Playmate in any film, horror or otherwise. Appearing under the stage name Angela Dorian—which she often used in her acting and modeling work, including her September 1967 Playmate and 1968 Playmate of the Year pictorials—Vetri plays a recovering addict named Terry Gionoffrio. When Mia Farrow's Rosemary meets Gionoffrio in a basement laundry room, the former sheepishly apologizes for staring, saying, “I'm sorry, I thought you were Victoria Vetri, the actress.” “That's all right,” says Vetri-as-Dorian-as-Gionoffrio. “A lot of people think I'm Victoria. I don't see any resemblance.” Five minutes later, the character is dead on the sidewalk, having delivered her multilayered meta moment.

Another highlight from the annals of Playmate horror cinema is 1969's *The Witchmaker*; later known as *The Legend of Witch Hollow* and *The Witchmaster*. It's remembered today, if at all, mainly for the scintillating performance by two-time Playmate Marguerite Empey (May 1955 and February 1956), billed

Previous page: Movie poster for 1955's *Tarantula!* starring Mara Corday. **Right:** Corday plays a lab assistant whose boss does sketchy research. **Below:** An ad for *Two Thousand Maniacs!* features Connie Mason.





Far left: The first twin Playmates, Madeleine and Mary Collinson anchored 1971's surprisingly good *Twins of Evil*. **Left:** Jenny McCarthy and Pamela Anderson made fear fun in the horror spoof *Scary Movie 3*. **Below:** Bizarre and beloved 1989 cult favorite *Society* stars Devin DeVasquez as the hero's love interest.



under her married name, Diane Webber. Webber plays a witch ("the Naught of Tangier") who twice belly dances for her coven. If writer-director William O. Brown was looking to pad out the running time, he found the perfect filler in the spellbinding Webber. It's a shame she appeared in only one other horror film, *Sintha: the Devil's Doll*, directed by psychotronic-film fan favorite Ray Dennis Steckler.

Smart producers like Friedman and Lewis realized that Playmates gave them access to a built-in audience. When Harry Fine saw Mary and Madeleine Collinson—the first identical-twin Playmates—in the October 1970 playboy, he decided to build a film around them. The craziest thing about the result, 1971's *Twins of Evil*, from legendary horror house Hammer Films, is that it's actually good, and the Collinson twins are downright mesmerizing as orphaned sisters who are coveted by their vampire uncle.

...

As the home-video market took off and producers realized they could make a buck on practically any low-budget horror movie, they hired more playboy scream queens than ever before, with

more than two dozen Playmates appearing in various fear films through the 1980s and 1990s. Movies with multiple Playmates include 1980's gruesome *Motel Hell*, featuring Rosanne Katon (September 1978) and Monique St. Pierre (1979 Playmate of the Year), and 1992's grisly *Aunty Lee's Meat Pies* with Pia Reyes (November 1988), Teri Weigel (April 1986) and Ava Fabian (August 1986). But it's a 21st century flick—the 2003 horror spoof *Scary Movie 3*, starring 1994 Playmate of the Year Jenny McCarthy and February 1990 Playmate Pamela Anderson—that offers perhaps the most Playmate celebrity power.

"Back in the 1980s and early 1990s, the T&A genre—B-movies, C-movies—was enormously popular," remembers February 1986 Playmate Julie McCullough. "A lot of times they just wanted naked or half-naked girls running through scenes with attractive bodies and attractive faces."

But McCullough—best known for her role on TV's *Growing Pains* and her later standup comedy career—had some interesting parts in horror and sci-fi during that era. She's also the only Playmate to appear in two generations of horror cinema. She had a small part in the ahead-of-its-time 1988 remake of *The Blob*, and she

played a newscaster in 2013's absurdist megahit *Sharknado* and the subsequent mockumentary *Sharknado: Heart of Sharkness*.

Another Playmate to land a one-of-a-kind role was Devin DeVasquez, who nabbed a lead in the vicious 1989 cult film *Society* from director Brian Yuzna, producer of the acclaimed 1980s H.P. Lovecraft films *Re-Animator* and *From Beyond*. A black-hearted piece of social satire about the rich literally eating the poor, *Society* features perhaps the most bonkers ending of any fright film—a latex- and-lube body-horror set piece that would make David Cronenberg blush.

"It's the strangest movie I've ever done or seen," says DeVasquez. "When I read the script, I thought, How on earth are they going to put this on the screen?" The film became a classic, nearly three decades later, DeVasquez is still invited to *Society* screenings, including one she'll attend this September in Scotland, where she will also participate in a question-and-answer session.

So why is it that Playmates are still called on to bring their style, sex appeal and mystique to some of Hollywood's darkest, weirdest and most frightening films? The answer, McCullough says, can be found in a classic formula: "It's beauty and the beast."



HERITAGE

The Writers' Bloc

In 1971 Playboy hosted the world's literati for days of debate and nights of carousing

First, assemble the writers. Only grade A stock will do: Ray Bradbury, Gay Talese, Shel Silverstein, Michael Crichton and dozens more. Add a handful of equally notable activists, economists and academics such as Jesse Jackson, John Kenneth Galbraith and Virginia Johnson. Entice them with panel discussions, public readings and a lounge for private tête-à-têtes — plus evening parties at the Playboy Mansion and Playboy Clubs. Then muddle the whole thing in booze, courtesy of all-hours open bars.

The result: the October 1971 Playboy International Writers' Convocation, a one-of-a-kind event that delivered both creative commingling and bursts of intellectual brinksmanship. Costing the company more than \$100,000 (that's \$615,000-plus in 2018 dollars), it was also a testament to Playboy's ability to throw a lavish bash for the cultural elite.

More than 70 guests, plus spouses and dates, traveled from around the world to the Playboy Towers hotel in Chicago for three days of conversation and workshops — not to mention brunches and banquets—followed by an all-inclusive weekend after-party at the Lake Geneva Playboy Club. Founder and publisher Hugh Hefner declared the intent of the gathering to be threefold: "To have a good time, to explore ways in which we and our contributors might work more fruitfully together, and to learn what [they] think about playboy."

But for Barbara Nellis, who at the time worked in playboy's research department, the goal was simpler. "It was to bring glory, to say to other people that playboy was not just a magazine with naked people in it," she says. "It was a magazine with writers and with thinking."

The convocation kicked off on a Wednesday morning with cocktails and a penthouse brunch, leading into an afternoon panel called "Beyond Journalism," where editors and writers discussed the state of the media. Garry Wills, who went on to win a Pulitzer for his reporting, opined that the



Sci-fi master Arthur C. Clarke addresses the convocation.

"new journalism" mingled fact with advocacy, while newspapers and broadcast news acted as pulpits for the establishment. Panels over the subsequent two days ranged from the personal to the political. Harvard economist Galbraith expounded on the Vietnam quagmire during a banquet speech, calling President Richard Nixon "a loser who happened to win." And in a talk on "Paranoia: The New Urban Life Style,"

the panelists themselves became subjects of scrutiny. Art Buchwald, Studs Terkel, Bruce Jay Friedman, Jules Feiffer and Brock Yates, three of them smoking cigars, speculated on the origins of paranoia, touching on the JFK assassination, a surfeit of news media and a rise in violent crime. Dr. Mary Calderone, a sex-education advocate and public health expert who had been the

subject of a 1970 Playboy Interview, wryly commented from the audience that perhaps the real cause of paranoia was too much smoking.

It wasn't her only provocative moment. While participating in a panel on "The Future of Sex," Calderone complained that her male colleagues were claiming her points as their own without acknowledging her as an expert, all because she was a woman. Weeks later, Calderone received a letter from Nora Ephron. Ephron, who had yet to make her name as a writer, attended the convocation with her husband, journalist Dan Greenburg.

"Let me assure you that one did not have to be a male chauvinist to be hostile toward you," Ephron wrote. "You earned their antagonism. I also suspect that in venting it at you, they were treating you not as a woman but as an equal."

Calderone wrote back that she took Ephron's critique seriously. "My impression was very simply that they may have listened to me but they did not hear me," Calderone wrote. "Nor apparently did you."

Guests didn't shy away from debating playboy's attitude toward women, recalls Stephen Yafa, who at that time had reported on college

sexuality for the magazine. Yafa says that Talese and others had side conversations about whether playboy empowered women to move up in the world or hurt them by treating them as sex objects. It was "an interesting exchange," Yafa says, with no consensus.

The discussion of writing was naturally at the epicenter of convocation activities, and though the topics may have sounded dry, passions could run high: Nellis recalls seeing a writer and an editor nearly come to blows over the merits of novelist James T. Farrell.

Meanwhile the younger crowd, including Michael Crichton and Yafa, retired to a more private room to smoke dope. Yafa remembers chatting and having a good time when he noticed some of the older guests walk by, holding glasses of bourbon and raising their eyebrows at the

BY LORRAINE
BOISSONEAULT



HERITAGE



Left: Partying at Hugh Hefner's Chicago mansion was a highlight for many convocation participants. Middle: Attendees got a sneak peek of *Macbeth*, the first Playboy Productions movie, two months before its release. Right: Clarke, Dr. Mary Calderone and Dr. Frank Calderone in the audience of a panel discussion.

young men. "It was still kind of a renegade sport," he says of their partaking.

A select few participants were asked to give readings from their works in progress. James Dickey, the 18th U.S. poet laureate and author of *Deliverance*, read a selection of his work, as did Irish short story writer Sean O'Faolain. Stanley Booth, who'd recently won playboy's award for best new nonfiction writer, read from his unfinished book on the Rolling Stones, which later became known as the definitive text on the band. Alex Haley, who had been a playboy collaborator for nearly a decade, rounded out the group with a passage from his as-yet-unpublished novel *Roots*, which would become an American classic.

Journalist John Skow later wrote, "After hearing old Sean O'Faolain and Dickey and those two print-drunk obsessives, Booth and Haley, how could a man think of anything but being a writer?"

For Booth, writing for playboy and receiving an invitation to the event were almost

unfathomable pleasures. He had recently been arrested for growing marijuana in his Memphis backyard, and he was dazzled by Playboy's hospitality and by the other attendees. "I met John Cheever, Roman Polanski, J.B. Priestley, Larry King — it turned out to be a hell of a thing," he says.

Despite the literary ambitions of the organizers, it was arguably the convocation's social aspect that people enjoyed most. Michael Laurence, a contributing editor, recounted playing Ping-Pong in Hefner's garage with a group that included Arthur C. Clarke, who, along with Stanley Kubrick, had been nominated for an Oscar in 1969 for the screenplay developed concurrently with Clarke's book *2001: A Space Odyssey*. "Feiffer, [Calvin] Trillin and Garry Wills are all really exceptional players, and Clarke bested the lot, myself included, though I had been drinking and he had not," Laurence wrote to editorial director A.C. Spector after the event.

Even as the participants praised and thanked

playboy for hosting them, the media were not so kind. *Newsweek* called it a dull affair, *The New York Times* noted how rare it was for so many luminaries to assemble in one place with so little said about it, and city papers suggested it was ironic for playboy to position itself as a serious purveyor of the written word. Clarke advised Spector to ignore the negative coverage. To Clarke, the event was a rousing success, and he was sure that in the coming years the "intellectual cross-fertilization and stimulation" would bear fruit. At the very least, it yielded playboy bylines for many of the writers who attended.

Harvey Kurtzman, the famed *MAD* cartoonist who created *Little Annie Fanny* for playboy, had a different take on the press's cold shoulder. He'd visited the *Esquire* offices, where all the staff expressed curiosity about the event. "And why not?" he wrote of their fascination. "I had such a good time, I know if I don't give thanks, God will punish me."

Maybe the rest of the print world was just sore they hadn't been invited. ■

PRESTIGE PLAYER

Already established at the time of the convocation, these attendees went on to even greater acclaim

Richard Rhodes

The historian's *The Making of the Atomic Bomb* won the 1988 Pulitzer for nonfiction, among other literary prizes.

Alex Haley

(Pictured at right) The miniseries adaptation of Haley's blockbuster book *Root* broke viewership records when it aired on network TV in 1977.

Michael Crichton

The novelist adapted his sci-fi title *Jurassic Park* for the

silver screen; the film went on to make more than \$1 billion at the box office.

Shel Silverstein

The prolific poet and cartoonist also wrote music; he won two Grammys (1969 and 1984) and was nominated in 1990 for a best-original-song Oscar.

Dalton Trumbo

Blacklisted for refusing to testify before Congress on communism in Hollywood, Trumbo received a posthumous Oscar in 1993 for his

Roman Holiday script.

Carl Stokes

A former Ohio congressman and Cleveland mayor, Stokes became a judge before President Bill Clinton named him ambassador to the Seychelles.

John Cheever

In 1979 a collection of his short stories won the Pulitzer for fiction; he was awarded the National Medal for Literature in 1982.



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